



No. 82

SPECIAL!

**SANDMAN
Xmas story**

by SIMON & KIRBY



JAN.

Adventure COMICS

10¢



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reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

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LASSIE COME HOME

By Eric Knight

After reading "Lassie Come Home" I am very glad I did so, for never have I read a more engaging dog story. Lassie, a beautiful collie, lives in a small village not unlike the one you saw in the motion picture "How Green Was My Valley." This village had always been known for its fine dog breeding, but it was said that Lassie was the best all round dog they had ever seen.

The plot begins when Lassie's master, Little Joe, has to sell Lassie to a rich Duke that lives nearby. When the Duke takes Lassie to his estate five hundred miles away from Little Joe's home, Lassie decides that she must return to her master, come what may. And the remainder of the book is about how that dog, guided only by its instinct, traveled through thick and thin to be with its master. The tale ends happily and there is nothing more to be said except:

Thank you, Eric Knight, for those enjoyable hours reading a book I will never forget.

This review of Lassie Come Home was written by Miriam Sandberg, of New York City, and was selected as the winner of the \$5.00 award. A check has been sent to Miriam. Other fine reviews were written by:

Robert Rawson, West Orange, N. J.
Betty Ruth Nathan, Attica, Indiana
Duane Pollack, Ferndale, Michigan
Harold Baughman, Ada, Ohio
William White, Cleveland, Ohio
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HAVE YOU JOINED THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA?

-IF YOU HAVE, YOU CAN READ THIS MESSAGE IN

"STARMAN" CODE

ETIB I&N HVG MYPXO BY EPX

BPN EI&? I&N HVG KGHXPXO

EI& KYXMA IXM ABIΦΛA.?

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

WXF RB OQN CRVN OXA NENAH KXH CX LXVN CX
CQN JRM XO QRB LXOWCAH KH KDHRWP BCJVVYB
JWM KXWMB!

The SANDMAN

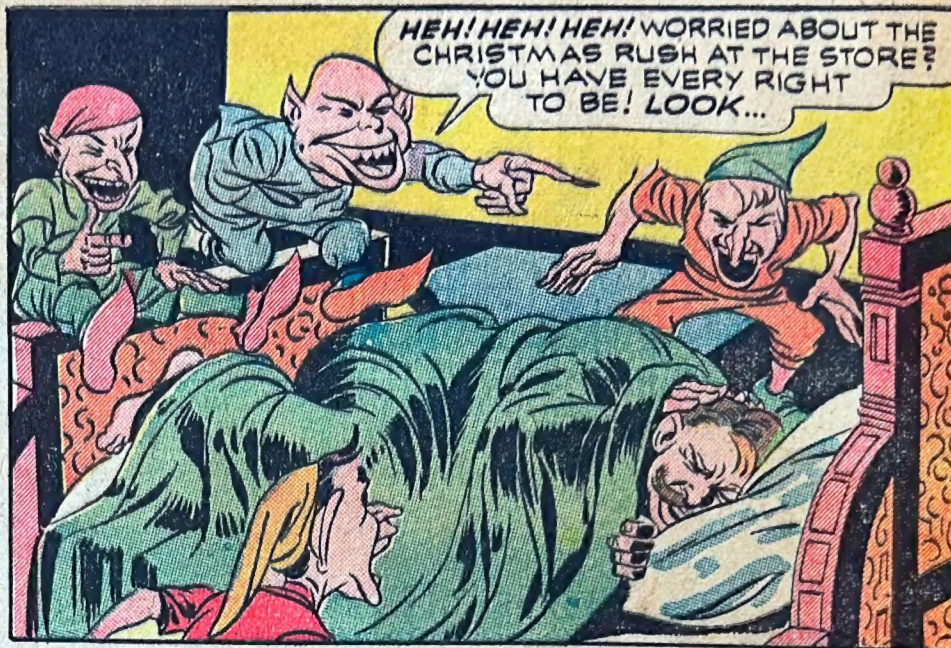
in SANTA FRONTS FOR THE MOB



WHO'D EVER SUSPECT SANTA CLAUS OF BEING THE TOOL OF THE RUTHLESS UNDERWORLD? WHO'D EVER DREAM THAT THE MERRY, KINDLY, OLD BEWHISKERED GENT WOULD BE CONNECTED WITH CUNNING, CONNIVING CROOKS? APPARENTLY **NOBODY!** THAT IS... NOBODY EXCEPT THAT NOCTURNAL NEMESIS OF CRIME... **SANDMAN**...WHO RIDES THE DARK OF NIGHT ALONG WITH HIS GALLANT COMPANION, **SANDY**, THE GOLDEN BOY--- TO ROUT OUT EVIL AND INJUSTICE!! BUT IT TAKES SOME FAST THINKING AND FASTER ACTION BEFORE THE PHANTOM PAIR CAN SET THINGS RIGHT FOR A MERRY YULETIDE!

by JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

YOU WOULDN'T
THINK A LITTLE
THING LIKE A
LOBSTER
COULD HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH PLUNDER
PLANS... WOULD YOU?
...BUT IT DOES!!
AND ALL BECAUSE
OLD F.P. MILLER,
THE DEPARTMENT
STORE TYCOON, LIKES
IT... BUT CAN'T
EAT IT WITHOUT
DIRE EFFECTS!



YES...OF SUCH DREAMS ARE STORIES MADE... FOR TWO OTHER GENTLEMEN ARE ALSO INTERESTED IN THE SANTA CLAUS SITUATION, BUT FROM A MORE PRACTICAL VIEWPOINT THAN A DREAM!

BOSS, I HAVE A TERRIFIC IDEA! WE'RE GOING INTO THE SANTA CLAUS BUSINESS!

SANTA CLAUS? ARE YOU CRAZY? THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS! AND WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME WE'RE GOING INTO A BUSINESS?



THE IDEA BOUNCED ON ME THIS AFTERNOON WHILE I WAS DOING A LITTLE SHOPPING! MILLER'S DEPARTMENT STORE HAS A POOR SANTA CLAUS!

SO WHAT? MAYBE IT'S THE WAGES THAT SKIN-FLINT MILLER PAYS HIM!



SANTA CAN HELP US REAP A FORTUNE! LISTEN---

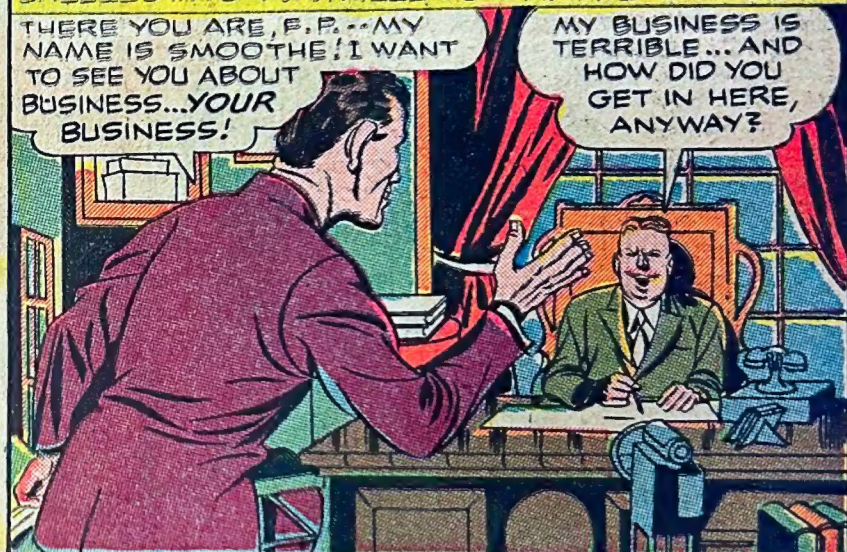
FORTUNE? NOW YOU'RE TALKING MY LANGUAGE! SPILL IT, SLICKY---



THE NEXT MORNING, A SMOOTH-TALKING YOUNG MAN BREEZES INTO F.P. MILLER'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

THERE YOU ARE, F.P.--MY NAME IS SMOOTHIE! I WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT BUSINESS...YOUR BUSINESS!

MY BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE... AND HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE, ANYWAY?



I HAVE A REAL, LIVE-WIRE SANTA FOR YOU... AND WITH MY ORGANIZATION TO PROMOTE HIM, AND YOUR STORE... YOU'LL BE IN BIG MONEY QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY BANKRUPTCY!

DON'T SAY THAT WORD!! SON... YOUR PROPOSITION INTERESTS ME!



I'LL GIVE YOU A TWO WEEK TRIAL!

WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? BUSINESS IS SO BAD, IT COULDN'T GET WORSE!



AND SO IT IS THAT LATER...

GILLMAN
GYM

MOUNTAIN MAN
BEARDE

NOW TRAINING

THAT'S
OUR
MAN!

UPSTAIRS IN THE GYM...

HEY, BEARDE!
WE WANNA
TALK TO YOU
ABOUT
A JOB!

A JOB? WHO DO I
TAKE A DIVE FOR?

NO! NO! YOU DON'T LAY
DOWN FOR ANOTHER
WRESTLER, MY MUSCULAR
FRIEND! THIS JOB
CALLS FOR A MAN
OF POISE AND
CHARACTER!

TA GET
TO DE
POINT...
KIN'YA
ACT?

KIN I
ACT...
LOOKA
DIS!

THAT'S VERY
PROFESSIONAL
... BUT NOT
EXACTLY WHAT
WE WANT!

WE MEAN, KIN
YA ACT LIKE
SANTY
CLAUS?

AIN'T
DIS AR-
TISTICAL?

WHO, ME? SANTY
CLAUS? I SHOULD
SAY NOT! IT WOULD
RUIN ME REPERATION
AS A RASSLER!

YER REPERATION?
SAY... AIN'T YOUSE
ALSO KNOWN AS
DE SLEEPING
BEAUTY?

WHY, BEARDE... THIS
WILL MAKE YOU
FAMOUS! HOLLY-
WOOD SCOUTS MAY
EVEN SPOT YOU!

YEAH? YA T'INK I'LL
MAYBE GET IN TH'
MOVIN' PITCHERS?
OKAY---GIMME
DE DETAILS!

AND
THUS IT
IS THAT
SEVERAL
DAYS
LATER,
TWO
FAMILIAR
FIGURES
PAUSE
IN FRONT
OF
MILLER'S
STORE...

THIS MAY SOUND
SILLY... BUT SANTA'S
FACE IS VERY
FAMILIAR!

OF COURSE...
EVERYONE
RECOGNIZES
SANTA! WE'D
BETTER GET TO
OUR CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING!



THE KIDS OF SUICIDE SLUM
ARE FIRST ON OUR LIST...
LET'S START AT THE TOY
DEPARTMENT!



AN' WOT IS YOUR
NAME, ME LITTLE MAN?
I SHALL WRITE IT IN
ME VISITIN' BOOK...

IT IS PETER
ALOYSIUS
VANDERGILT
THE THIRD!

DON'T YOU THINK
HE'S THE IDEAL
SANTA, YOUNG
MAN?

HE SEEMS TO
FILL THE BILL...

HE
LOOKS
KINDA
MUSCLE-
BOUND!
I'VE GOT
IT... THAT'S
MOUNTAIN-
MAN
BEARDE!
WHAT'S HE
DOING
HERE?

Will YOU be
the Lucky
Child? Will
Santa visit you
in Person?



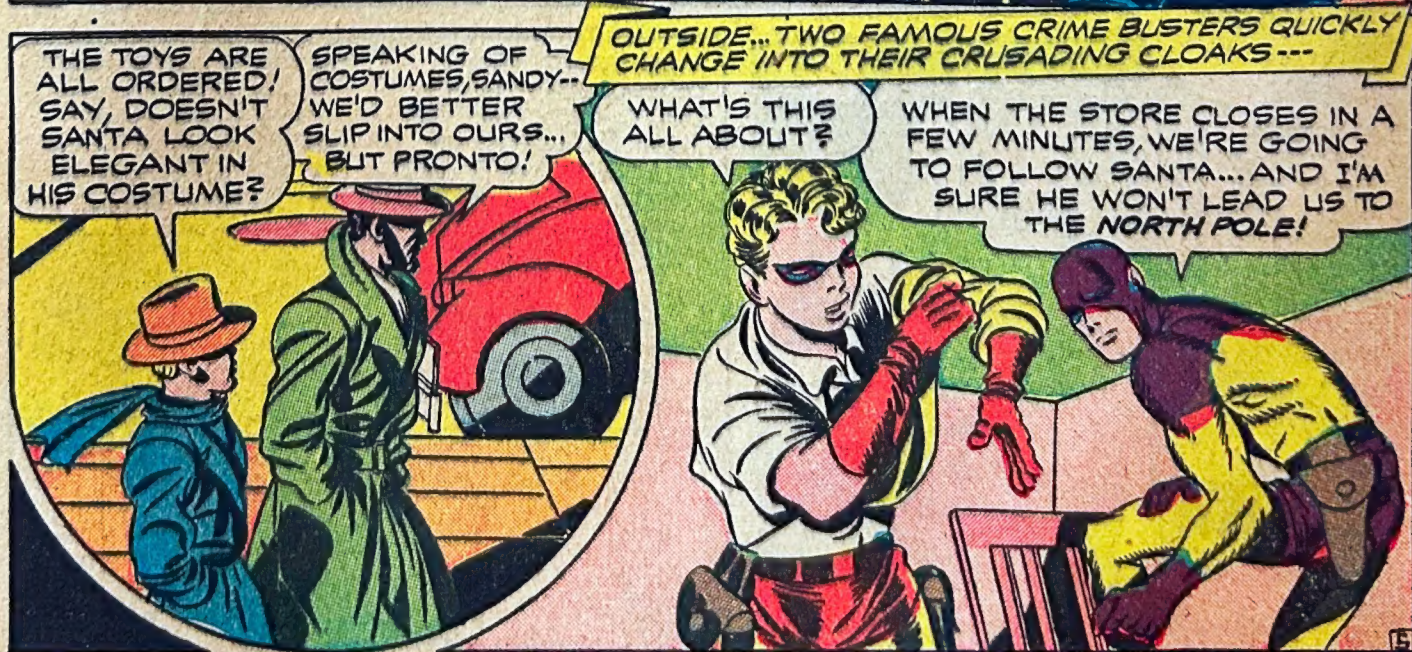
OUTSIDE... TWO FAMOUS CRIME BUSTERS QUICKLY
CHANGE INTO THEIR CRUSADING CLOAKS---

THE TOYS ARE
ALL ORDERED!
SAY, DOESN'T
SANTA LOOK
ELEGANT IN
HIS COSTUME?

SPEAKING OF
COSTUMES, SANDY--
WE'D BETTER
SLIP INTO OURS...
BUT PRONTO!

WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?

WHEN THE STORE CLOSSES IN A
FEW MINUTES, WE'RE GOING
TO FOLLOW SANTA... AND I'M
SURE HE WON'T LEAD US TO
THE NORTH POLE!



LATER, AS THE PONDEROUS BEARDE LUMBERS DOWN THE RAPIDLY DARKENING STREETS, TWO PHANTOM FIGURES SKYROCKET OVER THE ROOFTOPS STALKING THEIR PREY...

HE MUST BE HEADING FOR THAT LIGHTED ROOM!

IT'S A CINC! A TOUCH OF THE WIRE-POON GUN'S TRIGGER, AND ---

AND WE'RE ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN!



BUT INSIDE, SANDMAN AND SANDY SEE...

THAT YOU, MAX? DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, BUT SMOOTHE WANTS ALL D'BOYS TA SHOP AT MILLER'S... AN' HE DON'T MEAN **SHOPLIFTIN'**!

TH' HAND-BILLS'RE READY, BOSS...



SANDMAN! LOOK!!

DESE ARE BEING T'ROWN ALL OVER TOWN BY SOME O' TH' BOYS!

Buy at **MILLER'S**
The Best **XMAS** GOODS in the City!



IF YOUSE WANTS DE BEST FER DE LEAST-- DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT MILLERS!



THIS GANG ISN'T DOING ANYTHING CROOKED...THEY'RE JUST BUILDING UP A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS...

THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE...OR EAR! WE'LL JUST STAND BY TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THE DAUNTLESS DUC YORK
PATIENTLY IN HIDING UNTIL...

THERE THEY GO, SANDY!
GET OUT YOUR WIREPOON
GUN...WE'RE GOING TO
FOLLOW THEM!



WHIPPING THROUGH THE
HOWLING NIGHT, THE PHANTOM
PAIR STREAK THROUGH THE
CITY IN SWIFT PURSUIT!

THEY'RE STOPPING AT THE
VANDERGILT MANSION---
AND THERE GOES BEARDE
TO THE DOOR!



LIKE I PROMISED,
PETE...HERE I AM
WIT' DE GIFTS
YER OLD MAN
BOU--- I MEAN,
YA WANTED!

WELCOME,
SANTA...I
THOUGHT
IT WAS YOU!
THAT'S WHY
I SENT THE
SERVANTS
UPSTAIRS!



OUTA DE WAY,
BRAT--DIS IS A
STICK-UP!

YA CAN'T
DO DIS! YA
DIDN'T
TELL ME!

SHUT YER
TRAP...YA
CANVAS-
BACKED
GORILLA!



BUT TWO FIGURES OF STEEL PAY A
LITTLE VISIT OF THEIR OWN...

I'LL TAKE THAT
BOOK OF SANTA'S
VISITING LIST---
IF YOU DON'T
MIND!

HERE'S MY
CALLING
CARD! PICK
ON LITTLE KIDS,
WILL YA?



LET'S GET OUTA
HERE...THESE
GUYS ARE
DYNAMITE!

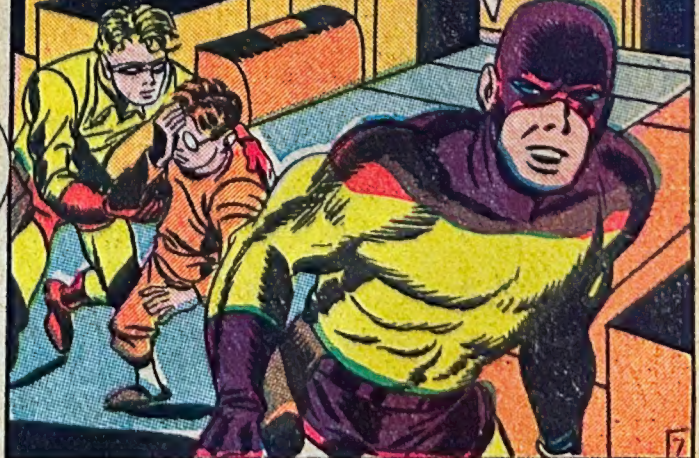
YEAH! SANDMAN HAS
TH' BOOK, SO WE'LL
HEAD FER DE BIG
HAUL AN' FERGET
DE LITTLE FRY! GIT
GOIN', BEARDE!

POOR
KID...
IS HE
HURT?



THE KID'S JUST
SHAKEN UP! HE'LL
BE ALL RIGHT!

THE SERVANTS
CAN TAKE CARE OF
HIM NOW...WE'VE
GOT TO GET THOSE
GANGSTERS!



MEANWHILE, AT MILLER'S DEPARTMENT STORE, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN HEARS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...

CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM THE STORE, EH, SANTA? COME TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH OLD WALT?



DIS IS EASIER'N I THOUGHT! SANTA CLAUS GET'S US INTO THE STORE!

POOR WALT! IF YOU'VE HOIT HIM--

SHADDUP, CHUMP...OR DIS ROSCOE'LL SHUT YA!



BUT TWO MIGHTY HUNTSMEN ARE ON THE TRAIL...

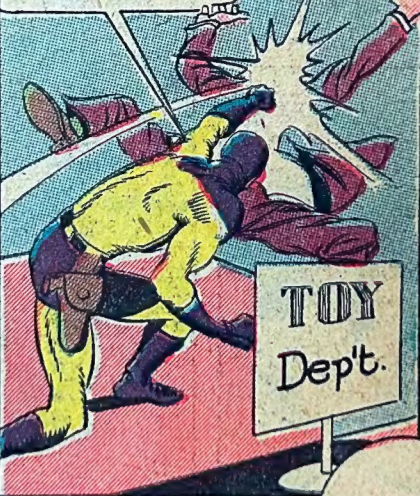
MIND IF WE JOIN YOUR CHRISTMAS BLOWOUT, BOYS?



BLOW DAT SAFE, QUICK! I'LL TAKE CARE O' THEM!



HERE'S YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT! YOU DESERVED IT!



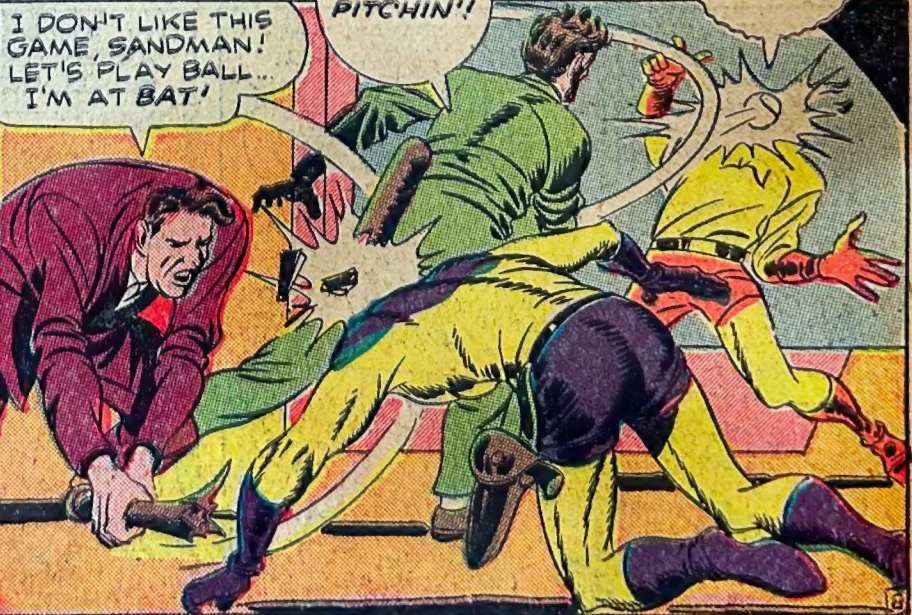
SO SORRY...BUT YOU DIDN'T PUT YOUR HAND OUT ON THAT TURN, YOU KNOW!



OW!

I DON'T LIKE THIS GAME, SANDMAN! LET'S PLAY BALL... I'M AT BAT!

AN' I'M PITCHIN'!



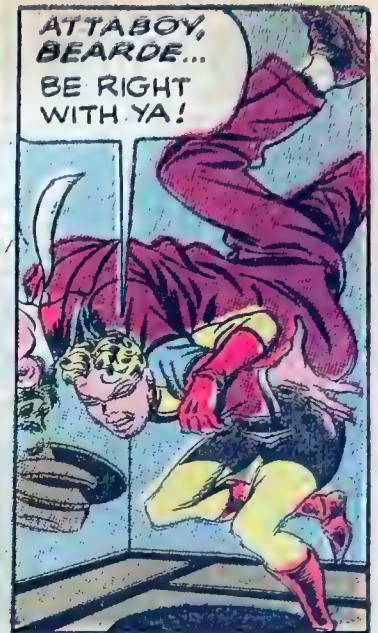


--AN' NOW I'LL TAKE
POISONAL CHARGE O'
YOU, SANDMAN!

HURRY UP! I
CAN'T HOLD THIS
BRAT MUCH
LONGER!



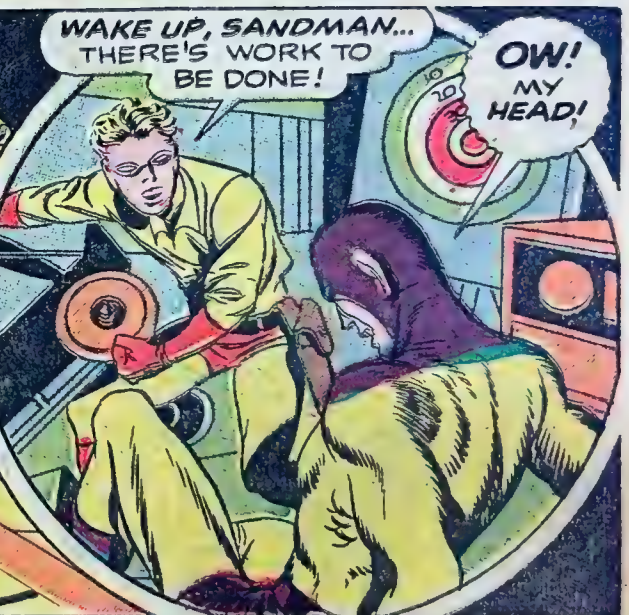
SUDDENLY, A HAIRY,
POWERFUL HAND
REACHES UP...



ATTABOY,
BEARDE...
BE RIGHT
WITH YA!



DIS'LL TEACH YA
TO FOOL AROUND
WITH MOUNTAIN
MAN BEARDE!



WAKE UP, SANDMAN...
THERE'S WORK TO
BE DONE!

OW!
MY
HEAD!



THE SANDMAN RECOVERS AND HELPS
FINISH OFF THE MISERABLE MOBSTERS...

THAT'S A SWELL
FINISHING TOUCH
TO THIS
BATTLE!



YOU SAVED MY
LIFE, BEARDE...
I'M GRATEFUL
TO YOU---

AW, FERGET IT!! I NEED-
ED TH' PRACTICE, ANYWAY!
BUT I GOTTA GET OUTA
HERE BEFORE TH' COPS
COME... MY REPERTATION
AIN'T SO GOOD!!

L
A
T
E
R

INSIDE, BEARDE...
AND JOIN YOUR FRIENDS!

YOU'VE GOT HIM WRONG, CHIEF! IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM, WE WOULDN'T HAVE ROUNDED UP THIS MOB!

IF YOU'RE OKAY WITH SANDMAN, YOU'RE OKAY WITH ME!!

GOSH...ME SHAKIN' THE MITT OF THE POLICE COMMISH!

AND NOW, IF YOU'LL COME ALONG WITH US, BEARDE... I THINK WE'LL HAVE AN ACTING JOB YOU'LL REALLY LIKE!

The NEXT MORNING... A BRIGHT, CHEERY CHRISTMAS DAY... AND THE UNDER-PRIVILEGED KIDS OF SUICIDE SLUM ARE TREATED TO THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME!

IT'S SANTA CLAUS...WITH PRESENTS FOR US! AND GOSH! THERE'S SANDMAN AND SANDY!!

AN! TA THINK I USED TA CALL 'EM BRATS!

SANTA HIMSELF GETS A RICH REWARD...

YOU'RE A REAL, HONEST TO GOODNESS SANTA!

YOU BET!

THEY DON'T COME ANY BETTER!

MERRY XMAS
EVERYBODY!

JOE
SIMON

JACK
KIRBY

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.

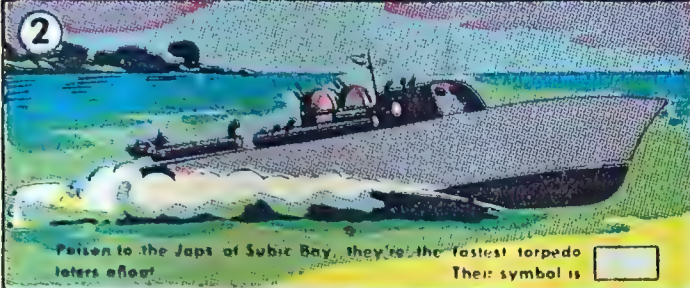


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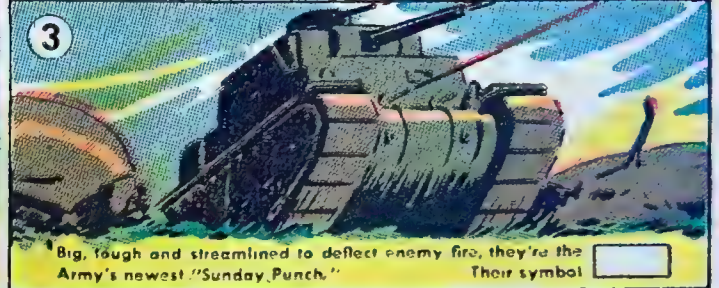
Up fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is

2



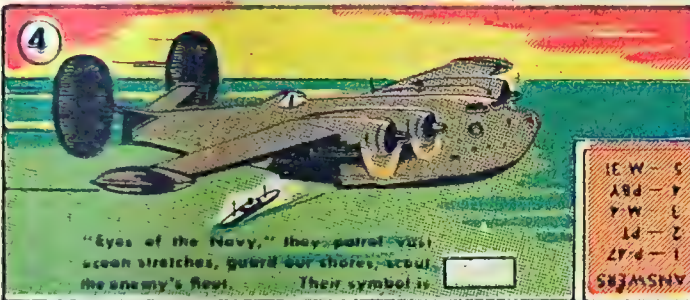
Perish to the Japs at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedo launchers afloat. Their symbol is

3



Big, tough and streamlined to deflect enemy fire, they're the Army's newest "Sunday Punch." Their symbol is

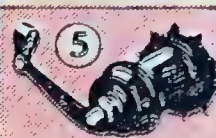
4



"Eyes of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, scout the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is

ANSWERS
1. P-51
2. U.S.S.
3. T-34
4. P-38
5. MORROW COASTER BRAKE

5



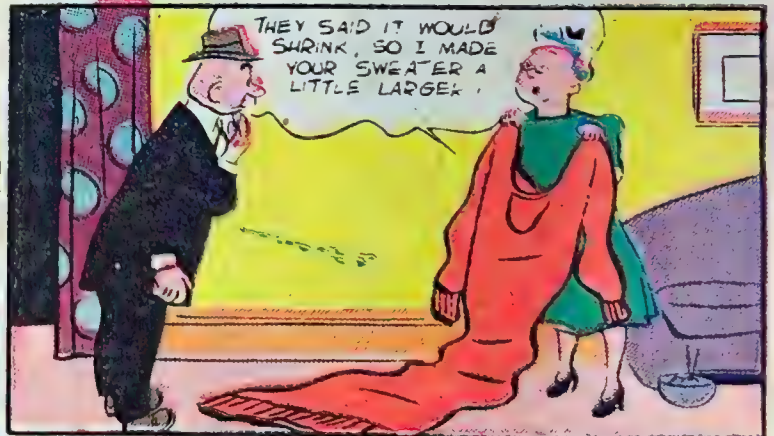
MORROW COASTER BRAKE: They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is

The 31 ball bearings in the MORROW Coaster Brake give the longest coasting, easiest pedaling ride you ever had.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

GAGS



STARMAN

BY
MORTON JR.
and
ROSSO

HARASSED BY HOROSCOPE, JIM HART'S
LIFE STANDS AT THE CROSSROADS. THE
STARS FORETELL HIS FUTURE, BUT THE FUTURE
THEY FORETELL WILL ROB HIM OF THE GIRL
HE LOVES AND THE INVENTION ON WHICH
HE HAS LABORED FOR YEARS. CAN
STARMAN MAKE HIM ACKNOWLEDGE
THE MISTAKE HE MAKES WHEN JIM
WANTS TO ...
* HITCH A WAGON TO THE STARS? *



WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY



AT HARVEY'S LAKE,
IN AUGUST 1926: A
CANOE TURNS TURTLE...



I'LL NEVER...NEVER SEE
MOM'N POP AGAIN!
I-I'M DONE FOR!



SUDDENLY, A BROWN HAND GRASPS HIM,
LIFTS HIM CLEAR. HIS TORTURED MOUTH
GASPS FOR AIR...

GO EEESY, MY YOUNG FREN'!
I WEEEL HELP
YOU!



YOU ARE LUCKY THAT I AM
SWEEMING PAST. YOUR
STARS SHINE
BRIGHT FOR YOU
TODAY.

MY...MY
STARS?



DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ALL YOUR
LIFE DEPENDS ON WHAT THE STARS
FORTELL FOR YOU?
THEY MAKE OR
BREAK YOU, SI!

TELL ME
MORE!



AHA! BORN MAY 17TH!
YOUR LIFE EES GOVERNED
BY SIRIUS!

YOU MEAN, WHAT
I DO DEPENDS ON
HOW SIRIUS IS
SITUATED IN
THE SKY?



THAT EES CORRECT. HERE EES
YOUR HOROSCOPE I HAVE
WORKED OUT FOR YOU. SEE
THAT YOU FOLLOW IT ALWAYS!

I-I WILL...
AND THANKS!



THE INCIDENT AT HARVEY'S LAKE HAS NEVER BEEN FORGOTTEN BY YOUNG JIM HART. EVEN TEN YEARS LATER, HE STILL REMEMBERS...



I'LL RUN WILD TODAY
SIRIUS IS SITUATED
JUST RIGHT FOR A GAME
LIKE THIS!

IN THE PHYSICS LABORATORY, HE IS AS BRILLIANT AS ON THE GRIDIRON..

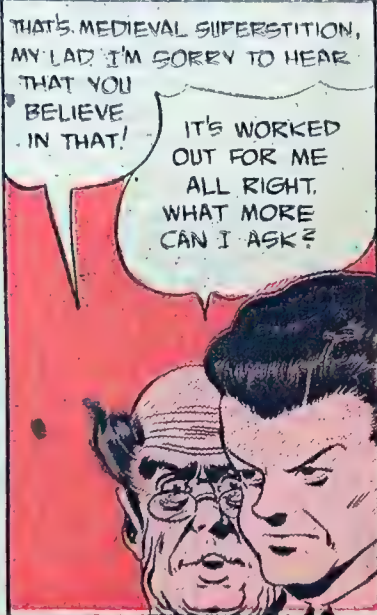


HART, FOR A FOOTBALL ALL-AMERICAN,
YOU'RE A MARVELOUS
STUDENT YOU'VE SUCCEEDED
IN RECORDING THE
DIRECTION OF A
RADIO SHORT-WAVE!
GOOD! GOOD!



I WORKED ON IT WHEN MY
STAR SIRIUS SAID TO, SIR...
THAT'S WHY I SUCCEEDED!

ARE YOU
SERIOUS,
HART?



THAT'S MEDIEVAL SUPERSTITION,
MY LAD! I'M SOREY TO HEAR
THAT YOU
BELIEVE
IN THAT!

IT'S WORKED
OUT FOR ME
ALL RIGHT.
WHAT MORE
CAN I ASK?



WHAT MORE INDEED CAN YOUNG JIM HART ASK? AN
ALL-AMERICAN IN FOOTBALL, WINNER OF THE SCOTT
MEDAL AND SCHOLARSHIP FOR WORK IN RADIO PHYSICS
AND ENGAGED TO MARRY PRETTY ISOBELLE SANDOW...

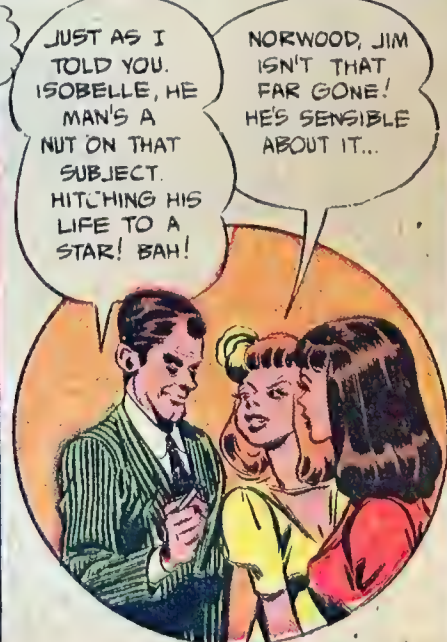
DARLING, JUST WAIT'LL YOU
MEET TED KNIGHT. HE'S A
RIOT. AS HEALTHY AS YOU
ARE, BUT ALWAYS
THINKING HE'S SICK!



IT'S YOUR HOROSCOPE!
THAT'S WHAT
CAUSES YOUR
ILLNESSES!
LET ME
CAST YOU
A NEW
ONE!

I DO WISH JIM WOULD
FORGET THAT NONSENSE!

HOROSCOPE?
OH, YOU
MEAN THOSE
STARS AND
THINGS?



JUST AS I
TOLD YOU.
ISOBELLE, HE
MAN'S A
NUT ON THAT
SUBJECT.
HITCHING HIS
LIFE TO A
STAR! BAH!

NORWOOD, JIM
ISN'T THAT
FAR GONE!
HE'S SENSIBLE
ABOUT IT...



IS HE? THEN ASK HIM
TO MARRY YOU BEFORE
JULY HIS STAR SAYS
TO MARRY IN JULY!

NO, I
DON'T
BELIEVE
YOU!

MEANWHILE, TED KNIGHT AND JIM HART FIND THEIR BELIEFS ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE FENCE...

THE GIRLS'LL SHOOT ME FOR DRAGGING YOU AWAY WITH ME, BUT I INTEND TO PROVE HOW WRONG YOU ARE. STARS ARE SUNS LIKE OURS, MILLION MILES AWAY!

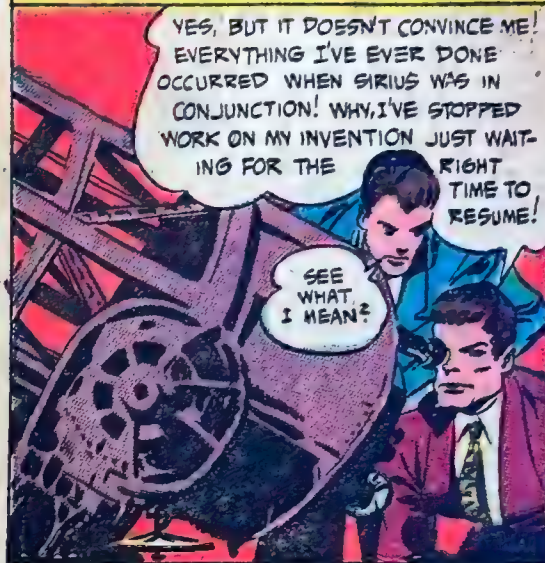
TO THINK THAT THOSE BURNING GLOBES CAN INFLUENCE YOUR OR ANYONE ELSE'S LIFE IS RIDICULOUS. COME, I'LL SHOW YOU



IN HIS PRIVATE OBSERVATORY, AMATEUR ASTRO-NOMER TED KNIGHT CONCLUDES HIS LECTURE...

YES, BUT IT DOESN'T CONVINCE ME! EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE OCCURRED WHEN SIRIUS WAS IN CONJUNCTION! WHY, I'VE STOPPED WORK ON MY INVENTION JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TIME TO RESUME!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?



LATE THAT NIGHT, A POWERFUL FIGURE GARBS ITSELF IN BRILLIANT GOLD AND SCARLET...

I'VE FAILED TO CONVINCE HIM AS TED KNIGHT, BUT I'M GOING TO SUCCEED AS STARMAN!



JIM'S STILL UP! I'LL FIX HIS WAGON. ALL RIGHT!



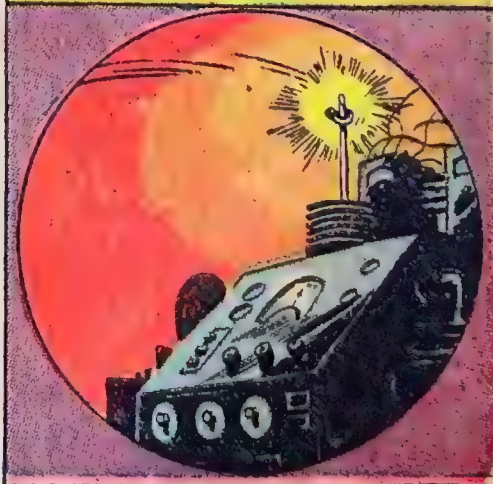
A HYSTERICAL VOICE BRINGS HIM TO A HALT.

...THEN MARRY YOUR OLD SIRIUS! YOU WON'T MARRY ME! TAKE YOUR RING BACK!

BUT THAT'S THE BEST TIME TO MARRY. SIRIUS SAYS SO!



UNNOTICED, THE PLATINUM ENGAGEMENT RING LANDS WITH A SHARP CRACKLE ON THE RANGE FINDER ROD OF THE SUB-MARINE DETECTOR





I'M SICK AND
TIED OF THIS
NONSENSE!
HERE GO THOSE
HOROSCOPES
IN FLAMES!

STOP! STOP! YOU CAN'T DO
THIS... I'VE SPENT YEARS ON
THOSE!



MEANWHILE, WHEN HE IS ALONE IN
HIS CAR, NORWOOD CAN SWITCHES
ON A SHORT-WAVE RADIO SET



WHILE I'M OFFERING THESE TO THE
NAVY, RECHECK THE INSTRUMENTS!
IF THERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAS
HAPPENED SINCE YOU THOUGHT IT
DIDN'T WORK, YOU OUGHT TO
KNOW IT!

WHAT'S THE
USE!



I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! MY
STAR PREDICTED FAILURE, AND
NOW I'VE SUCCEEDED! EITHER
I'M RIGHT OR... I'VE BEEN A
FOOL ALL MY LIFE!



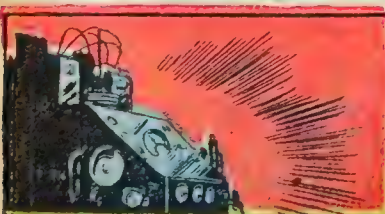
BUT I'LL FIND OUT... ONCE
AND FOR ALL!
I'LL GIVE IT A
TRY WITHOUT
MY HOROSCOPES
TO GUIDE
ME!

NOW YOU'RE
TALKING!



A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF THE
INTRICATE APPARATUS REVEALS...
THE ENGAGEMENT RING...

ISOBELLE'S RING! SURE! THE
PLATINUM IN THIS ESTABLISHED A
CONTACT WITH THE URANIUM WIRES!
THAT GAVE ME A SPRINGBOARD
FOR THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO
SIGNALS
I SENT
OUT!



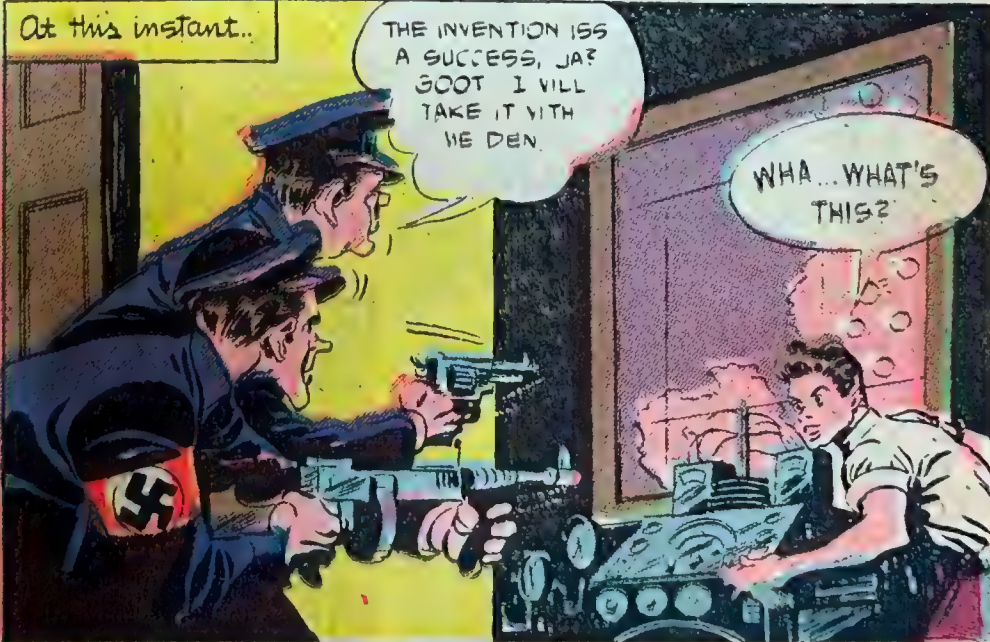
EXPLANATION:

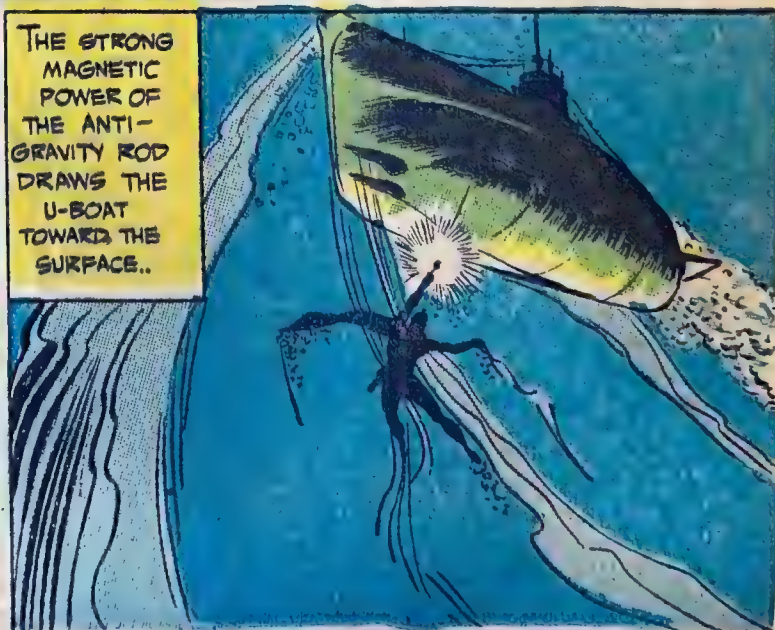
THE SUBMARINE DETECTOR
WORKS ON THE PRINCIPLE
THAT A SHORT-RADIO WAVE
WILL TRAVEL THROUGH THE
WATER, HIT THE LURKING
SUBMARINE AND, AT THE
MOMENT OF CONTACT, REVEAL
THE SUBMARINE'S LOCATION
ON A GRAPH CHART IN THE
PROGRESS OF THE RADIO
WAVE...

At this instant...

THE INVENTION IS A
SUCCESS, JAP
GOOT I WILL
TAKE IT WITH
ME DEN.

WHA... WHAT'S
THIS?





INSIDE THE NAZI SUBMARINE...

HIMMEL! I TOLD YOU TO SUBMERGE, DIDN'T I? NOT GOES ON? SUBMERGE! FILL THE BALLAST CHAMBERS!



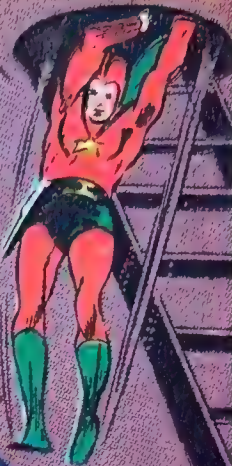
THE BALLAST TANKS ARE FILLED, HEER CAPTAIN! YET THE UNDER SEA-BOAT RISES!

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE!



OH, YES IT IS!

HIMMEL! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?



KEEP 'EM FLYING... REFERRING TO YOUR TEETH, OLD BEAN!

POW



HALOED BY THE LIGHT OF THE GRAVITY ROD, THE CREW IS POWERLESS TO MOVE...



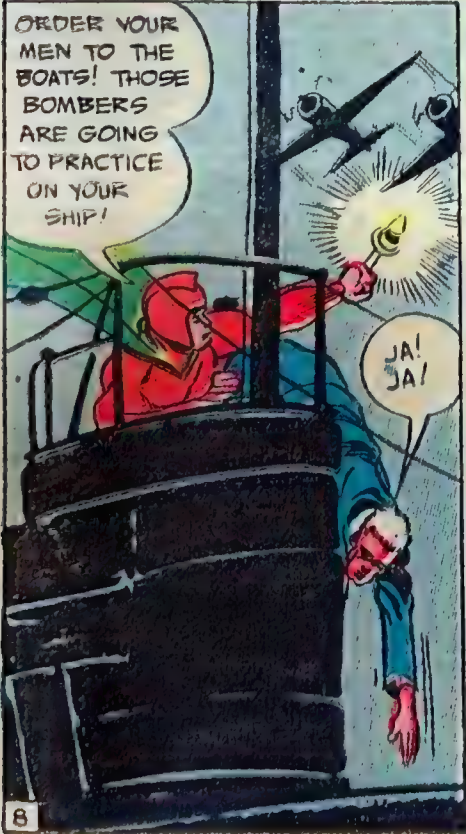
TALK FAST, RAT! YOUR SHIP IS SINKING UNDER YOU! WHO WARNED YOU TO MOVE?

AGENT 3C85. NORWOOD CAN'T!

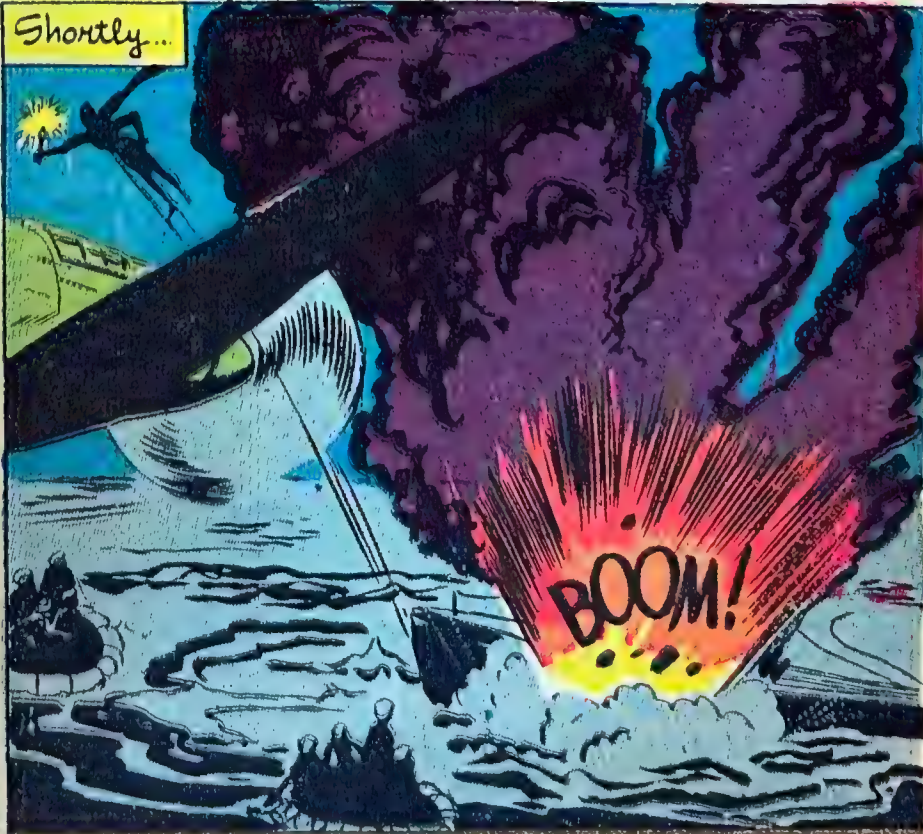


ORDER YOUR MEN TO THE BOATS! THOSE BOMBERS ARE GOING TO PRACTICE ON YOUR SHIP!

JA! JA!



Shortly...



MEANWHILE, AT THE NAZI HIDEOUT...

BOTH OF YOU HAVE
SOMETHING IN
COMMON...
HOROSCOPES!

MY STAR IS
IN THE
ASCENDENCY!
THAT'S WHY I
CAPTURED YOU!

I KNEW IT!
IT NEVER
FAILS!

I SHOULD
HAVE NEVER
LISTENED
TO TED OR
STARMAN.
SIRIUS
BROUGHT ME
TO THIS
STATE!

HAW! HAW!
AND MY
STAR
SHOWED ME
I'D CAPTURE
YOU!

STAR OR NO STAR,
I'M FREEING JIM AND
TAKING BACK HIS
INVENTION!

STARMAN!

FREE YOURSELF WITH THIS KNIFE,
JIM! THEN GET CANT!

BUT...BUT
SIRIUS...

THEN IT DAWNS ON JIM HART THAT IT ISN'T
THE STAR THAT MAKES A MAN SUCCESSFUL BUT
THE MAN HIMSELF! THE WILL TO WIN, TO CON-
QUER ALL OBSTACLES...

STOP!
STOP!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
I MAY HAVE BEEN A
SAP ONCE... BUT
THOSE DAYS ARE
GONE FOREVER!

THE ONLY STARS THAT INTEREST
ME ARE THOSE THAT I'M
MAKING YOU SEE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT JIM'S AND ISOBELLE'S
WEDDING...

WE DIDN'T
WAIT FOR
SIRIUS'S
BLESSING!

YOU PUT UP A GOOD ARGUMENT,
TED, BUT IT WAS REALLY
STARMAN WHO
CONVINCED ME
THAT ASTROLOGY
IS ALL WET!

HEAR THAT,
STARMAN?

YEAH, I
HEARD!

POETIC JUSTICE, WASN'T
IT? **STARMAN** HAD TO
SAVE HIM FROM THE
STARS!

AND YOU CAN THANK
YOUR LUCKY STARS FOR
A FEATURE LIKE
STARMAN...
APPEARING IN EACH
ISSUE OF...

*Adventure
Comics!*

**THE
JUSTICE
SOCIETY
is
here!
again!**

**ANOTHER
COMPLETE
FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE
FEATURING ALL
YOUR FAVORITE
CHARACTERS
!**

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



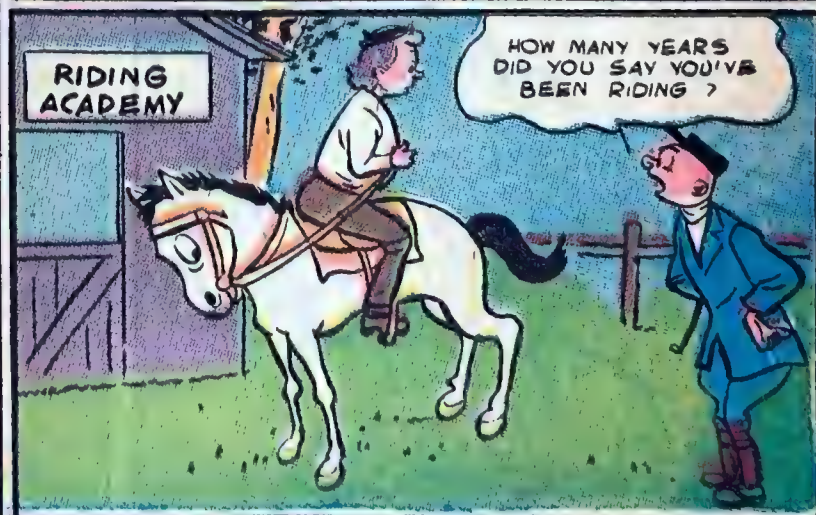
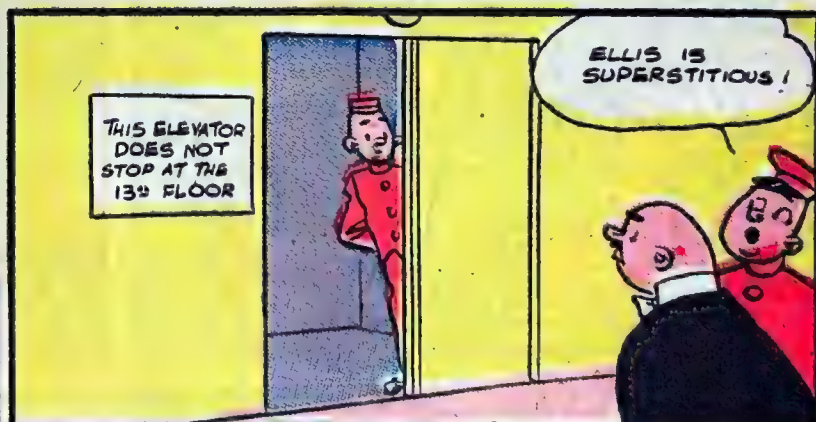
PROBLEM:
**HOW TO FEED
THE SUFFERING
PATRIOTS IN
NAZI OCCUPIED
EUROPE AND
STILL KEEP
TOTALITARIANISM
UNDERNOURISHED!**

**THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY DOES
IT IN THIS
NEW EXCITING
- ISSUE -**

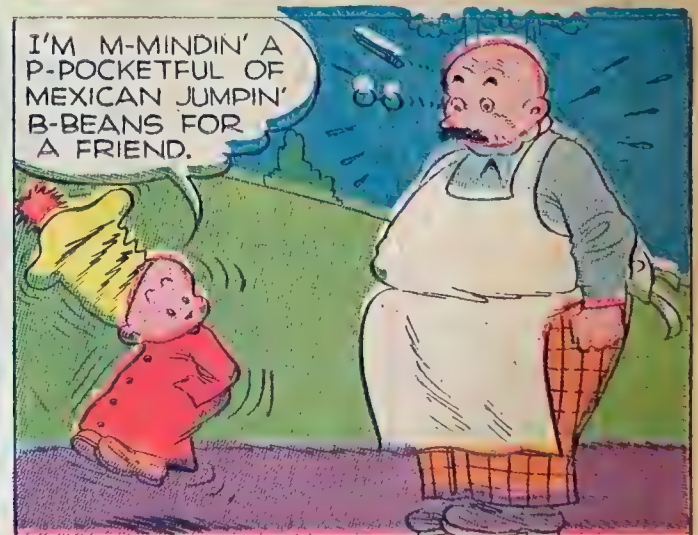
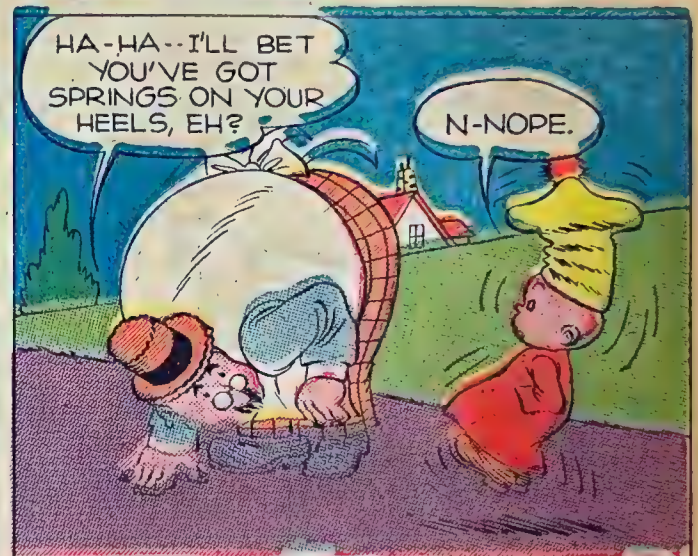
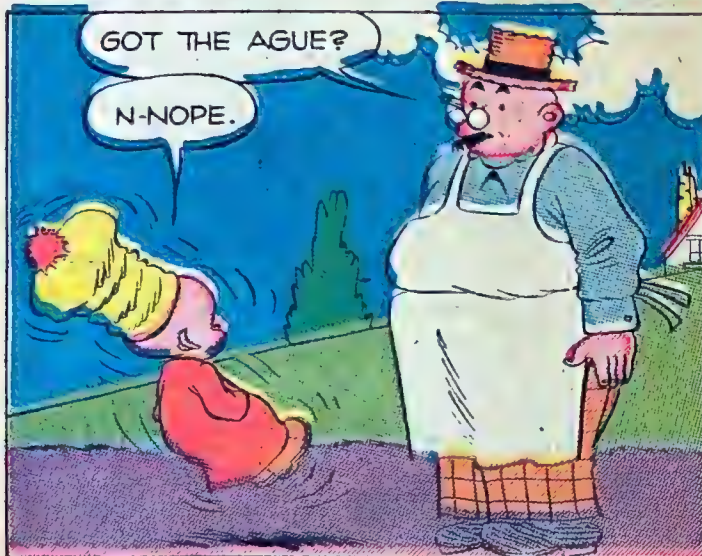
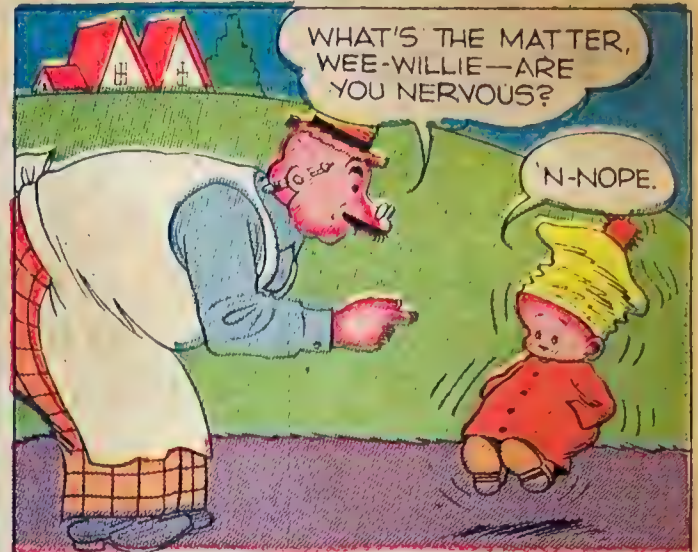
**"FOOD FOR
STARVING
PATRIOTS"
!**

**BE SURE TO GET THIS ISSUE TO SEE HOW YOU CAN JOIN
THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA !!**

LAFFS



Wee Willie

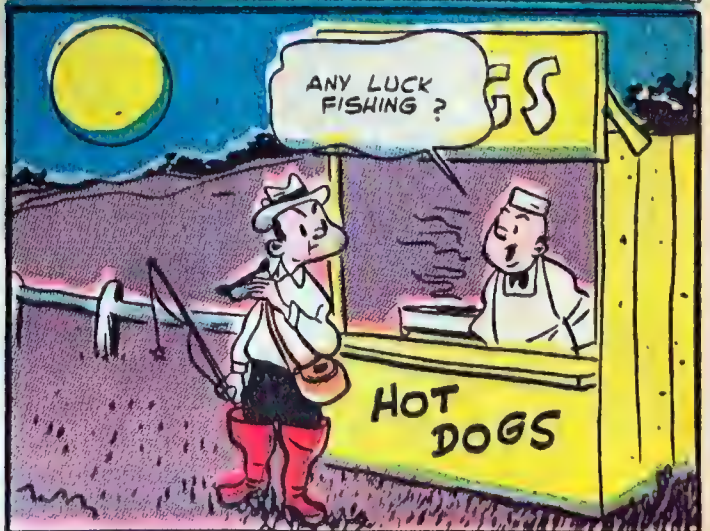
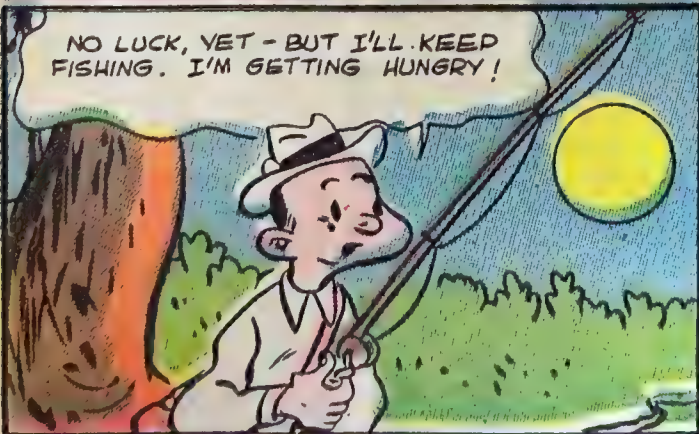


LEADING No 5
ON SALE DEC. 9TH

ALL GOING TO
TOWN TO -
GETHER IN ONE
TERRIFIC
FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAND
ON YOUR HEAD TO REALIZE
THAT THIS MAGAZINE IS ABOUT
TOPS IN COMICS!... WITH YOUR
FIVE FAVORITE FEATURES.
GREEN ARROW, VIGILANTE,
STAR SPANGLED KID, CRIMSON
AVENGER AND SHINING KNIGHT!



The SHINING KNIGHT



OUT OF THE PAST COMES A STUDENT OF SORCERY WHO FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF HOODLUMS! MIRACLE AFTER MIRACLE FLOWS FROM HIS FLASHING FINGERS--- AND THE TREACHEROUS THUGS LINE THEIR POCKETS WITH THE GLEAMING GOLD HIS MAGIC BRINGS THEM! THEN THE SHINING KNIGHT, HIMSELF A MAN OF THE PAST, COUNTERS THE FLEDGLING WIZARD'S SPELLS WITH WONDERS OF HIS OWN THAT TEACH THE WOEFUL WARLOCK OF ENCHANTMENTS HE HAS NEVER SEEN, AND SENDS HIM BACK TO HIS OWN LAND TO BECOME ONCE MORE---

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE.

LET US GO BACK IN TIME SOME CENTURIES TO A MEDIEVAL FOREST. WHERE SYLVUS, APPRENTICE TO A SORCERER, STIRS A BUBBLING CAULDRON---

STIR WELL, SYLVUS! THIS MAGIC BREW WILL ENABLE ME TO TRAVEL TO A FAR COUNTRY WITHOUT EFFORT!

YES, MASTER!



I WONDER TO WHAT COUNTRY THE MASTER WISHES TO TRAVEL? I SHOULD LIKE TO GO THERE! I AM TIRED OF THIS FOREST, WHERE I HAVE LIVED ALL MY LIFE!



LATER... WHEN THE BREW IS READY...

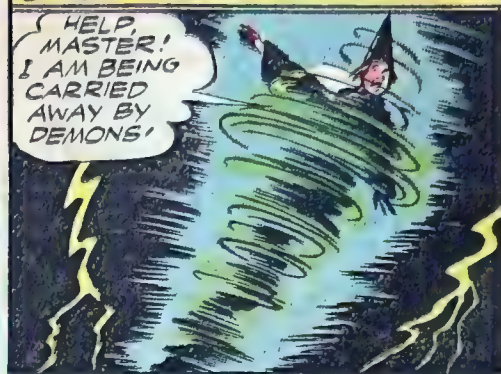


BRRR, IT IS BITTER! NOW! WHAT ARE THE MAGIC WORDS? O. POWERS OF THE LIGHTNING, TRANSPORT ME...



A SWORD OF LIGHTNING SLASHES THROUGH THE SKY... THE EARTH SHAKES... AND SYLVUS FINDS HIMSELF HURLED AT DIZZYING SPEED THROUGH THE AIR...

HELP, MASTER! I AM BEING CARRIED AWAY BY DEMONS!

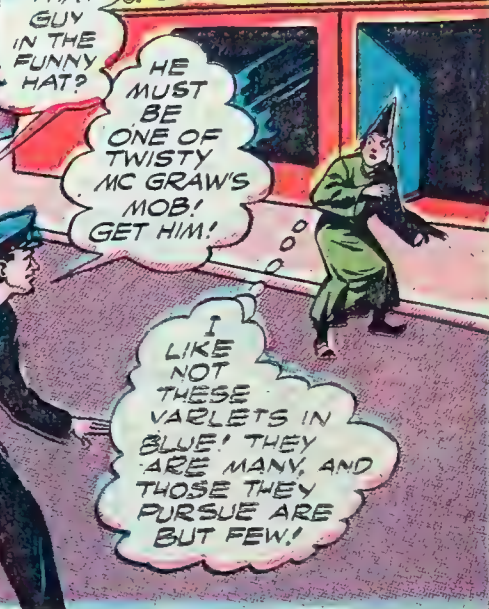


... AND COMES TO REST AGAIN... IN THE 20TH CENTURY!

THIS IS INDEED A STRANGE LAND! NEVER HAVE I SEEN SO MANY CHURLS!



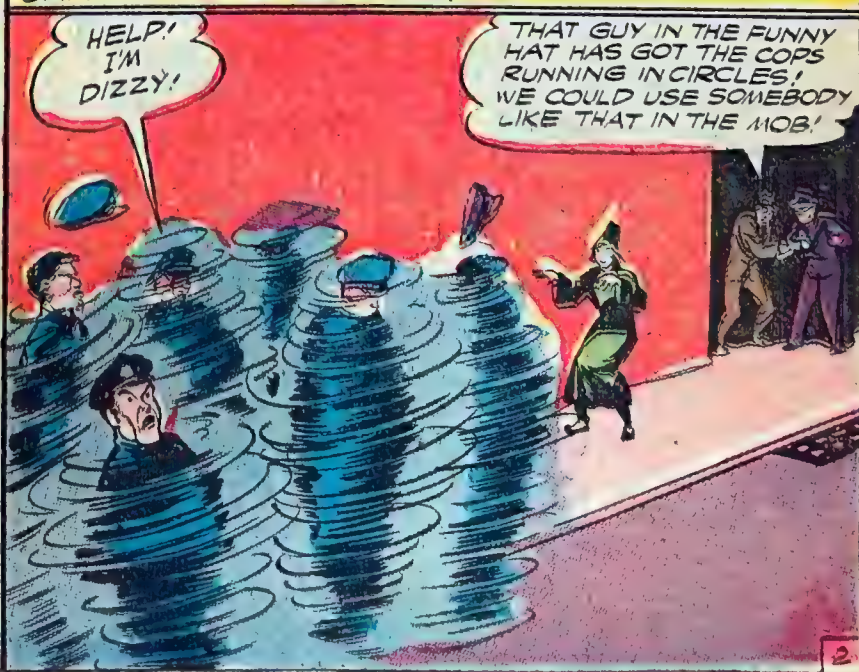
WHO'S THAT GUY IN THE FUNNY HAT?

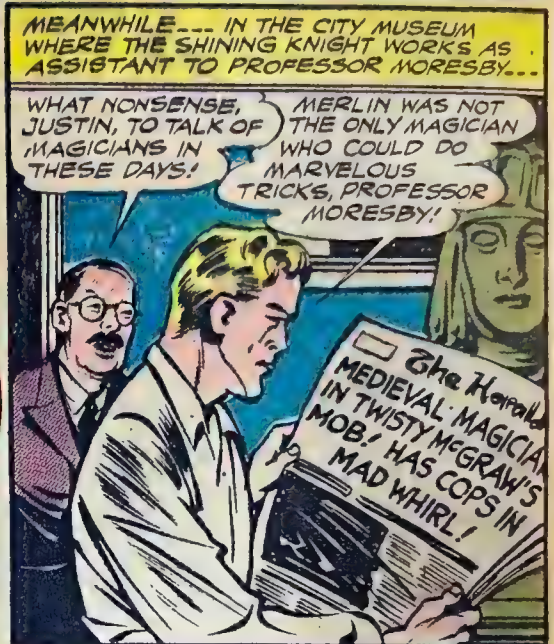
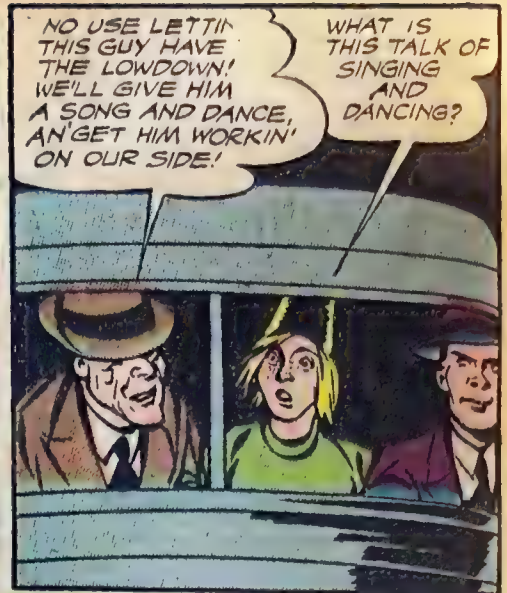
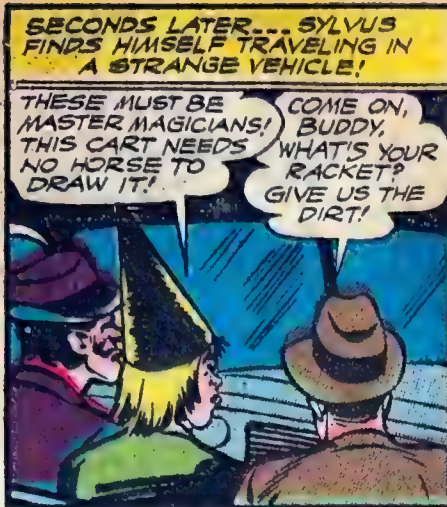


I SHALL USE A SPELL THE MASTER TAUGHT ME! SPIN, YE ROGUES!



THE AMAZED OFFICERS OF THE LAW FIND THEMSELVES SPINNING LIKE SO MANY TOPS!





THAT NIGHT... AS THE CRACK CHICAGO EXPRESS THUNDERS TOWARD HOME ON SINGING RAILS---

THERE HE IS, PAL! BET YOU NEVER SAW A DRAGON LIKE HIM!



HE IS INDEED A VAST MONSTER! BUT MY MAGIC WILL BRING HIS STRENGTH TO NAUGHT!

HOLD, VILE DRAGON! COME NOT FORWARD! LET THY FLAMING BREATH BE QUENCHED!



INSIDE THE GIANT LOCOMOTIVE, AN ASTOUNDED ENGINEER GAPES AT A DAZED FIREMAN!

THE BRAKES JUST WENT ON BY THEMSELVES! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

FIRE JUST DECIDED TO GO OUT! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!



WHILE AT THE CAR THAT CONTAINS REGISTERED MAIL---

HEY---
AHHH---

THESE GUYS DIDN'T EXPECT TROUBLE! IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE ANYBODY PULLED A TRAIN ROBBERY AROUND HERE!



BUT THE MURDEROUS MOBSTERS ARE NOT TO GO UNCHALLENGED! FROM HIGH IN THE AIR A GLITTERING FIGURE SWOOPS DOWN---

NOW SHALL WE LEARN WHETHER FLASHING SWORD AND GLEAMING LANCE CAN PREVAIL AGAINST THIS MAGICIAN!



YIELD THEE, TREACHEROUS CAITIFFS! ELSE WORK I A MAGIC OF MY OWN ON THY COWARD BODIES!

IT'S THE SHINING KNIGHT! AIM AT HIS FACE, BOYS! BULLETS WON'T GO THROUGH HIS ARMOR!



BUT THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY MOVES WITH SUCH DAZZLING SPEEDS THAT THE MOBSTERS CAN TAKE NO ACCURATE AIM!

THE FLAT OF MY SWORD CREATES A POTENT SPELL! SEE HOW QUICKLY IT CAN BRING SLEEP!





AS STEED AND RIDER PLUMMET SWIFTLY DOWN---

ONLY SKILL AND COURAGE CAN SAVE US! THRUST THY HEAD OUT, VICTORY!

QUICK WORK, MY BRAVE STEED! NOW IT IS MY TURN TO HELP!

AS THE TREE BRANCH SWAYS, THESE BONDS ARE CUT BY THE SHARP EDGE OF THIS ROCK!

SOON THE KNIGHT'S HANDS ARE FREED---

NOW TO RELEASE THY WINGS FROM BONDAGE!

SECONDS LATER---

THE MURDERING WRETCHES HAVE GONE FREE THIS TIME... BUT THERE WILL YET COME A DAY OF RECKONING!

MEANWHILE, THE THUGS AND THEIR WONDER-WORKING DUPE SPEED TOWARD HOME WITH UNTOLD LOOT!

WE GOT A HALF MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF CASH AND REGISTERED MAIL! AND WE OWE IT ALL TO THIS WHACK!

YON EVIL KNIGHT HAD A MARVELOUS STEED! I WOULD HAVE ONE LIKE IT!

THUS, NEXT DAY, IN A SECLUDED RURAL RETREAT---

HO, VILE SERF, BRING ME THY STEED!

ALL YA GOTTA DO IS NAME IT, PAL, AND HE'LL GIVE IT TO YA!

HEY, I NEED THAT HORSE... UGH...

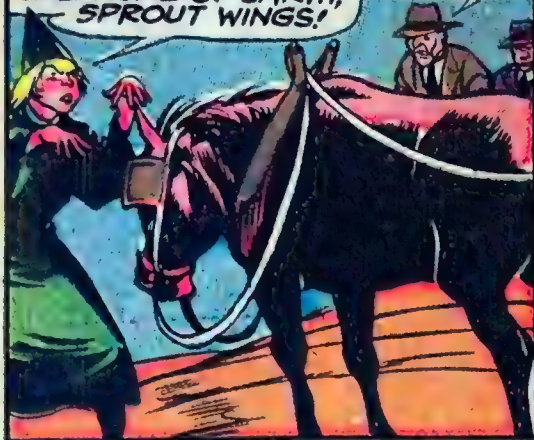
WHAT YOU NEED DON'T COUNT!

HERE'S THE NAG, BUDDY! WHAT DO YA WANTA DO WITH HIM?

THE YOUNG WIZARD SEARCHES HIS MEMORY FOR A HAZILY REMEMBERED SPELL!

(WOULD I COULD RECALL THE SPELL THE MASTER TRIED TO TEACH ME) OH, CREATURE OF EARTH, SPROUT WINGS!

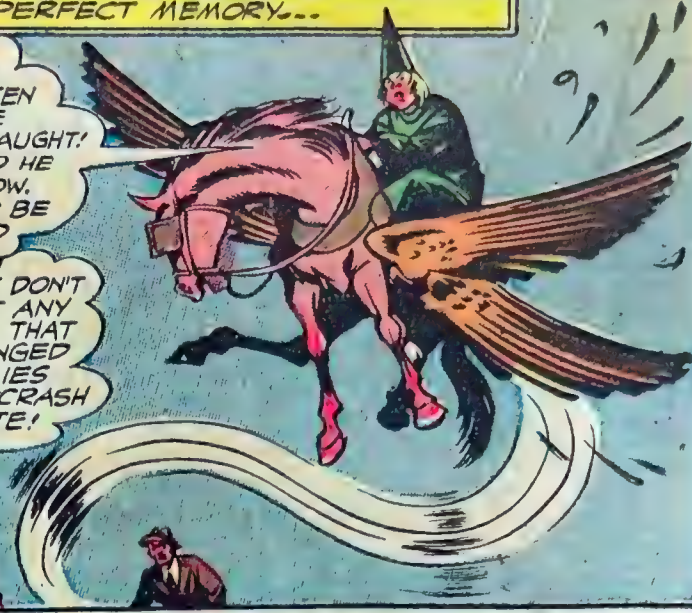
HEY, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A HORSE LIKE THE SHINING KNIGHT'S!



BUT BECAUSE OF THE FLEDGLING MAGICIAN'S IMPERFECT MEMORY...

ALAS, I HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT THE MASTER TAUGHT! AND COULD HE SEE ME NOW, HE WOULD BE ASHAMED OF ME!

I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THAT THREE-WINGED NAG! HE FLIES LIKE HE'D CRASH ANY MINUTE!



LATER... SYLVUS FINDS HIMSELF ALONE IN THE ROBBERS' DEN, WHILE THE ROGUES ARE AWAY FOR A NIGHT OF REVELRY.

THEY HAVE LEFT IN ORDER TO DISTRIBUTE THEIR WEALTH TO THE POOR! THE MASTER WOULD REJOICE TO KNOW SUCH GOOD MEN!



BUT WHAT IS THIS? THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN TO TAKE THE COINS WITH THEM! ALAS, THE NEEDY WILL SUFFER!



THE SOFT-HEARTED SORCERER DECIDES TO REMEDY THE OVERSIGHT!

THEY WILL THANK ME FOR DOING WHAT THEY HAVE LEFT UNDONE!



IN THE TEEMING, POVERTY-STRICKEN SLUMS, THE KIND CONJURER STOPS HIS STEED IN MID-AIR!

HEY, LOOK, THERE'S A FELLOW RIDIN' A HORSE UP THERE!

DON'T PAY NO ATTENTION. IT'S JUST AN ADVERTISING STUNT!



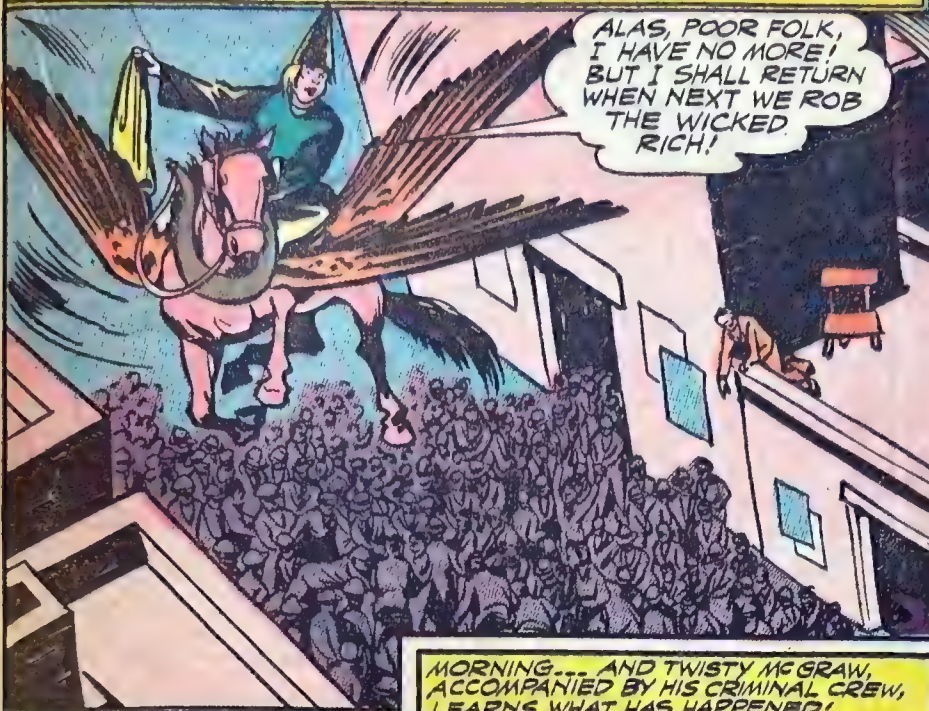
THE ASTONISHED SLUM-DWELLERS FIND THEMSELVES SHOWERED WITH COINS AND BILLS!

HERE, YE UNFORTUNATE CHURLS, IS THE WHEREWITHAL TO FEED AND CLOTHE MANY!

GET DOWN FROM THERE, BUDDY! YOU'RE INTERFERIN' WITH TRAFFIC!



SOON, A STRUGGLING, SEETHING MOB SCRAMBLES DESPERATELY FOR THE SORCERER'S LARGESSE... WHILE FROM THE DISTANCE AN AMAZED KNIGHT WATCHES!

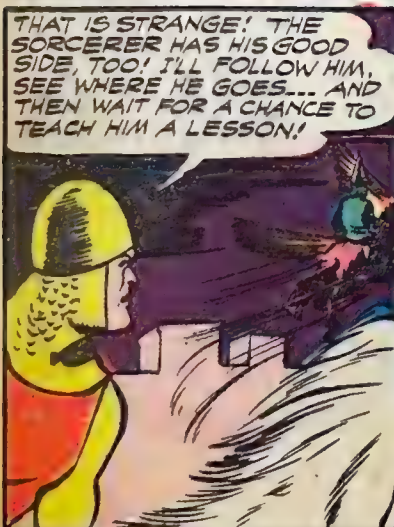


ALAS, POOR FOLK, I HAVE NO MORE! BUT I SHALL RETURN WHEN NEXT WE ROB THE WICKED RICH!

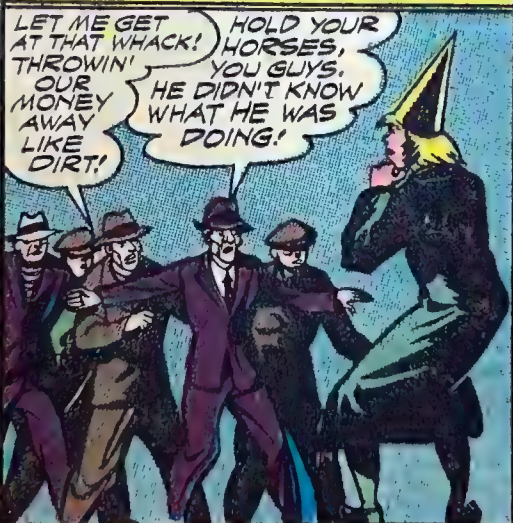


ANOTHER WINGED HORSE! I WONDER WHAT THE SORCERER IS DOING HERE?

MORNING... AND TWISTY MCGRAW, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS CRIMINAL CREW, LEARNS WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

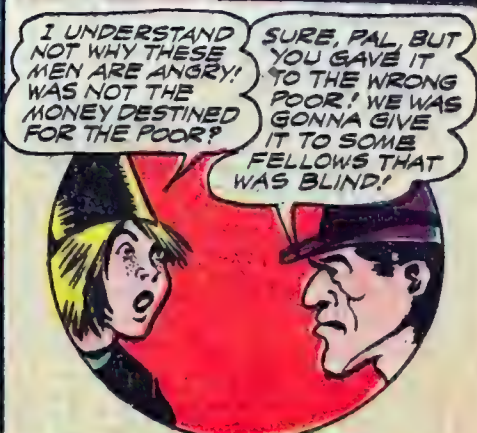


THAT IS STRANGE! THE SORCERER HAS HIS GOOD SIDE, TOO! I'LL FOLLOW HIM, SEE WHERE HE GOES... AND THEN WAIT FOR A CHANCE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON!



LET ME GET AT THAT WHACK! THROWIN' OUR MONEY AWAY LIKE DIRT!

HOLD YOUR HORSES, YOU GUYS. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING!



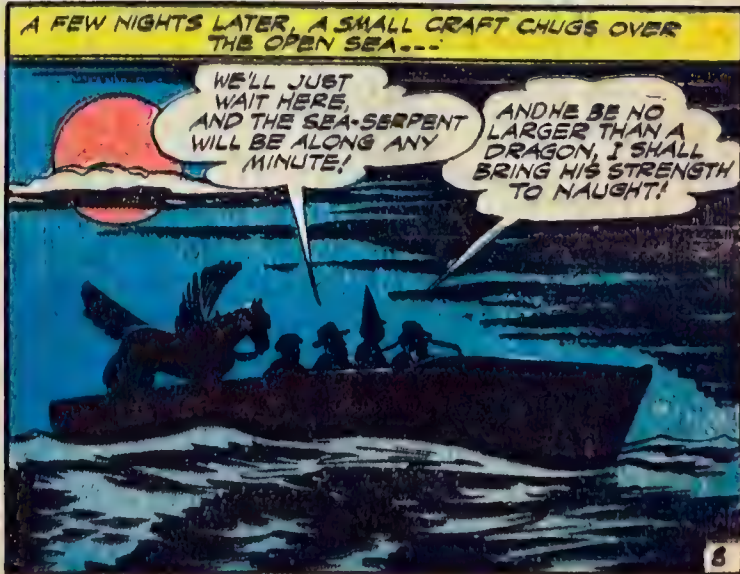
I UNDERSTAND NOT WHY THESE MEN ARE ANGRY! WAS NOT THE MONEY DESTINED FOR THE POOR?

SURE, PAL, BUT YOU GAVE IT TO THE WRONG POOR! WE WAS GONNA GIVE IT TO SOME FELLOWS THAT WAS BLIND!



THEN MUST WE SECURE MORE WEALTH TO GIVE THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT, PAL! WE DON'T WANTA TACKLE NO TRAINS, I MEAN DRAGONS, BECAUSE THE KNIGHT MIGHT BUTT IN! BUT I'M GONNA LET YOU TAKE SOME DOUGH AWAY FROM A SEA-SERPENT!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, A SMALL CRAFT CHUGS OVER THE OPEN SEA---

WE'LL JUST WAIT HERE, AND THE SEA-SERPENT WILL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE!

AND HE BE NO LARGER THAN A DRAGON, I SHALL BRING HIS STRENGTH TO NAUGHT!

BUT HIGH IN THE AIR, THE KNIGHT WATCHES... AND WONDERS...



THE THREE-WINGED STEED BEAT THE AIR SO LOUDLY, HE WAS EASY TO FOLLOW, EVEN IN THE DARK! BUT WHAT DOES THE SORCERER EXPECT TO DO HERE?

THE KNIGHT'S QUESTION IS QUICKLY ANSWERED! SOON A SEA-GOING LINER APPEARS, STEAMING FOR PORT...



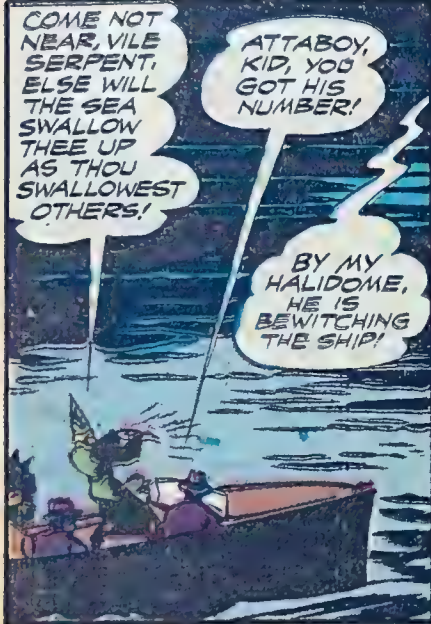
THERE HE IS, PAL! IT'S UP TO YOU TO PUT HIM ON THE BLINK!

METHINKS HE IS EVEN GREATER THAN THE DRAGON! NEVERTHELESS, WILL I CAST HIM UNDER MY SPELL!

COME NOT NEAR, VILE SERPENT, ELSE WILL THE SEA SWALLOW THEE UP AS THOU SWALLOWEST OTHERS!

ATTABOY, KID, YOU GOT HIS NUMBER!

BY MY HALIDOME, HE IS BEWITCHING THE SHIP!



WITHIN THE SHIP, CONFUSION REIGNS!

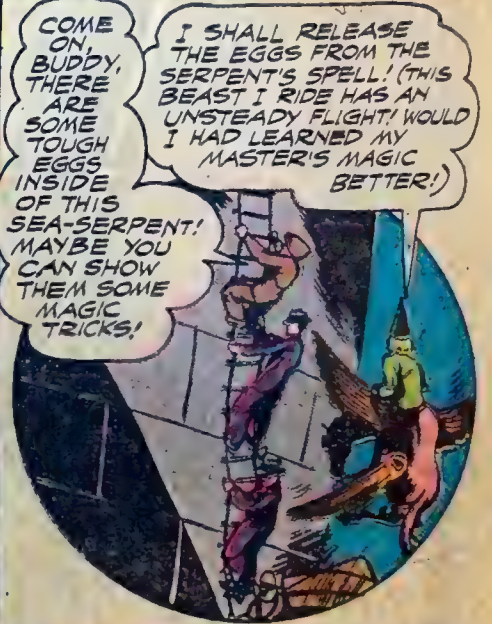
THE SHIP'S ENGINES HAVE STOPPED, CAPTAIN! WE CAN'T GET THEM STARTED AGAIN!

THROW MORE COAL ON THE FIRES! WE'VE GOT TO REACH PORT TONIGHT!



COME ON, BUDDY, THERE ARE SOME TOUGH EGGS INSIDE OF THIS SEA-SERPENT! MAYBE YOU CAN SHOW THEM SOME MAGIC TRICKS!

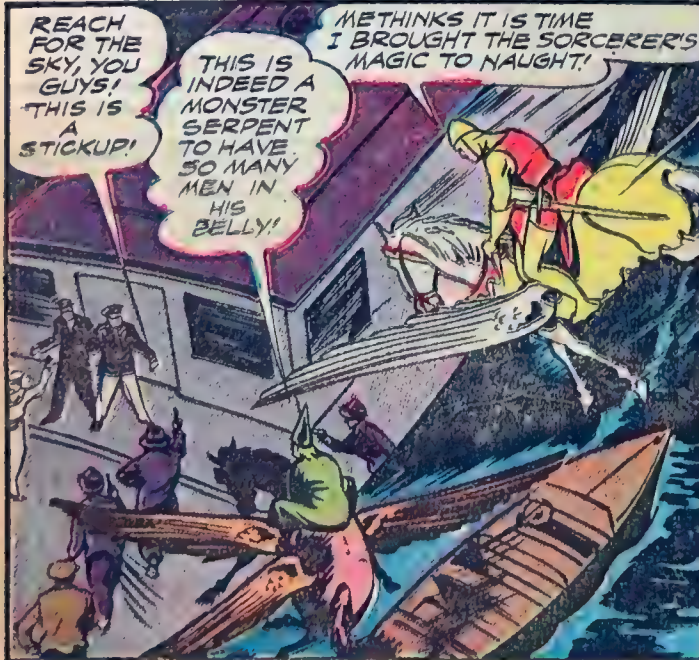
I SHALL RELEASE THE EGGS FROM THE SERPENT'S SPELL! (THIS BEAST I RIDE HAS AN UNSTEADY FLIGHT! WOULD I HAD LEARNED MY MASTER'S MAGIC BETTER!)



REACH FOR THE SKY, YOU GUYS! THIS IS A STICKUP!

THIS IS INDEED A MONSTER SERPENT TO HAVE SO MANY MEN IN HIS BELLY!

METHINKS IT IS TIME I BROUGHT THE SORCERER'S MAGIC TO NAUGHT!



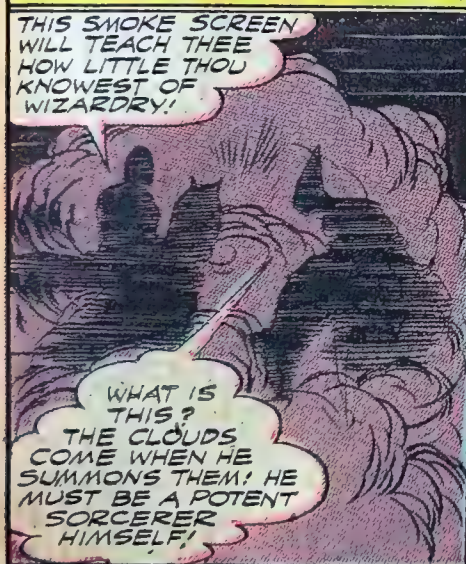
HEY, I THOUGHT WE GOT RID OF HIM!

MY STEED AND I ARE NOT SO EASY TO KILL, VILE WRETCH!





BUT BEFORE THE YOUNG SORCERER CAN PRONOUNCE THE WORDS OF HIS SPELL, THE KNIGHT MAKES USE OF A SPECIAL SMOKE GRENADE...



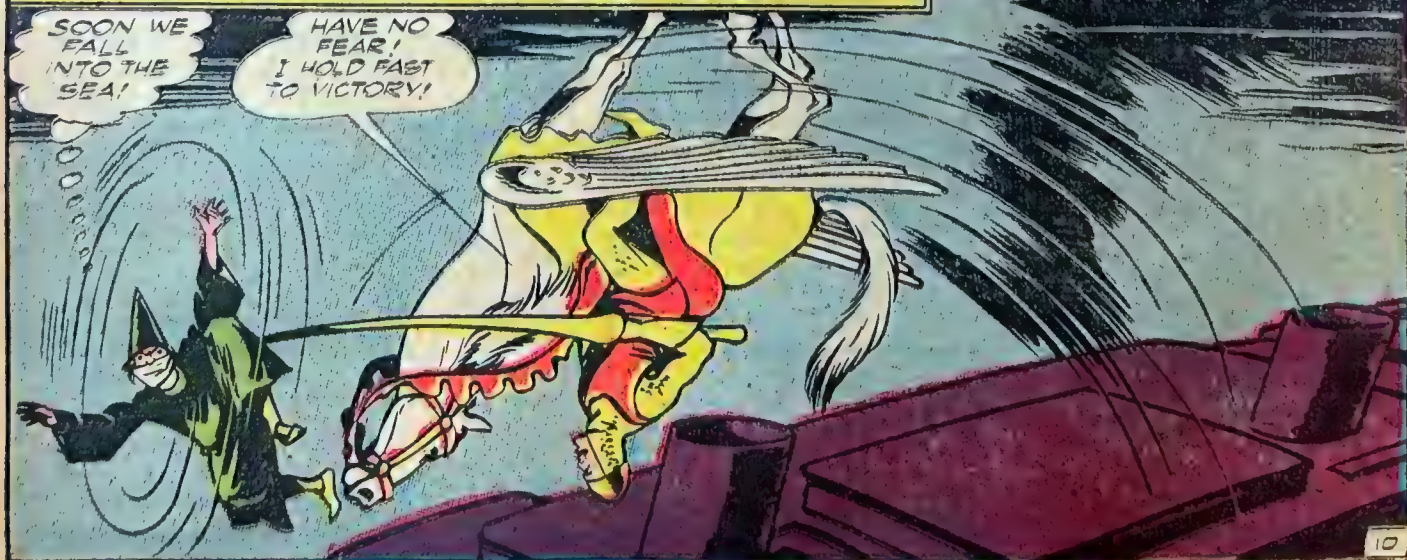
THIS MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF WILL DEPRIVE THEE OF THE POWER OF SPEECH!



NOW WILL I SHOW THEE SOME MAGIC OF MY OWN!



LEAVING THE CRIMINALS TO THE MERCIES OF THE SHIP'S CREW, THE KNIGHT TAKES THE HAPLESS APPRENTICE FOR A RIDE!





BEHOLD THE WIZARDRY OF THIS SWORD!

IT SLASHES THROUGH WOOD AND METAL! TRULY HE IS MIGHTIER THAN I AM!



YONDER IS A GREAT FISH, MADE TO FLY BY WIZARDRY! CANST THOU DO AS MUCH?

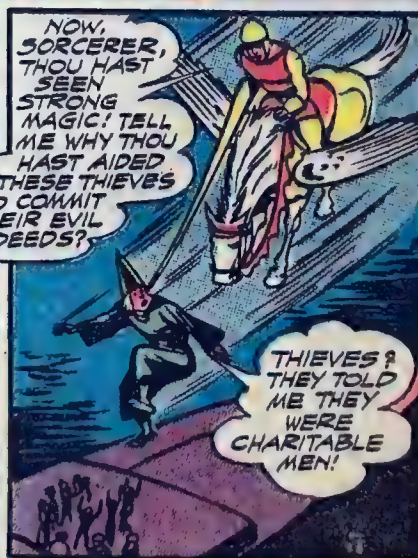
LET US SPEED AWAY, LEST HE DEVOUR US!



REGARD YON FLAMING BIRDS! THEY ARE MORE FEARFUL THAN ANY DRAGON!

NOW, SORCERER, THOU HAST SEEN STRONG MAGIC! TELL ME WHY THOU HAST AIDED THESE THIEVES TO COMMIT THEIR EVIL DEEDS?

WOULD THAT HE MIGHT LET ME GO, AND I WOULD RETURN TO MY OWN LAND!

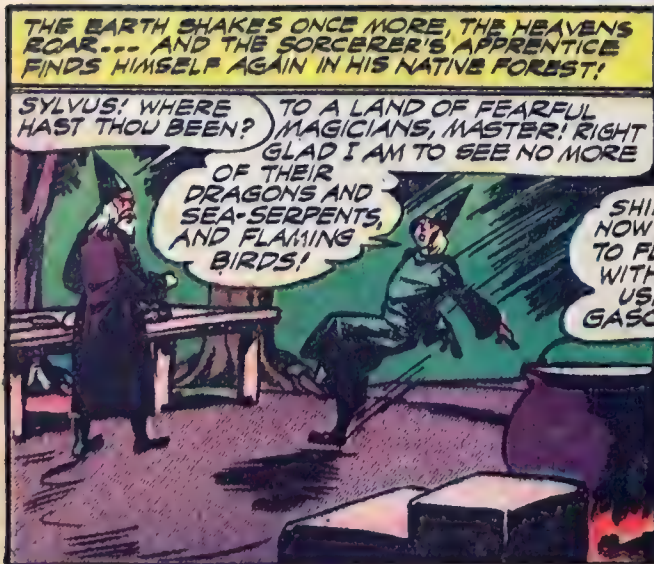


THIEVES? THEY TOLD ME THEY WERE CHARITABLE MEN!



THE MISERABLE MAGICIAN EXPLAINS HOW HE WAS DECEIVED...

TRULY, SIR SORCERER, THAT WILL I THOU ART INNOCENT! DO RIGHT AS A BABE! BEST HEARTILY! AND RETURN TO THINE OWN LAND, AND I SHALL WARN AGAINST COMING THIEVES TO THEIR FATE! HERE! FIRST, A DRINK OF THIS POTENT BREW, AND THEN...



THE EARTH SHAKES ONCE MORE, THE HEAVENS ROAR... AND THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE FINDS HIMSELF AGAIN IN HIS NATIVE FOREST!

SYLVUS! WHERE HAST THOU BEEN?

TO A LAND OF FEARFUL MAGICIANS, MASTER! RIGHT GLAD I AM TO SEE NO MORE

OF THEIR DRAGONS AND SEA-SERPENTS, AND FLAMING BIRDS!

THANKS, SHINING KNIGHT! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO FLY TO TOWN WITHOUT USING GASOLINE!



WHILE ON A LONELY FARM, THE KNIGHT RETURNS A STOLEN HORSE!

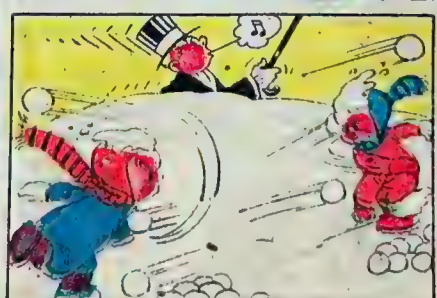
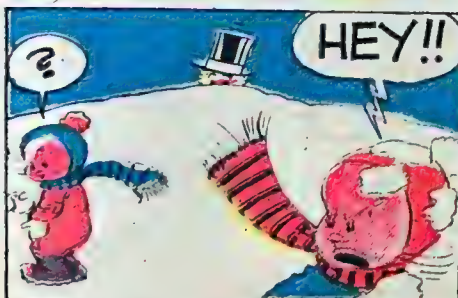
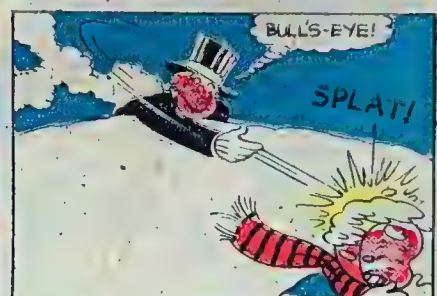
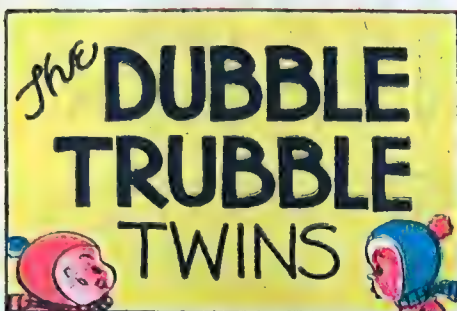
THOU ART FORTUNATE, FARMER, TO POSSESS A WINGED STEED IN TIMES LIKE THESE!

THE CHIVALROUS CHAMPION'S CLEVER BRAIN AND STRONG RIGHT ARM PERFORM NEW MIRACLES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ADVENTURE COMICS!**

SOME FUN

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co. 344 Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York



What You Buy With WAR BONDS

The "Stovepipe," as the 60-millimeter trench mortar is commonly known, is used by our infantry for close-in fighting. It fires a 2.4-pound shell at the rate of about 35 a minute.



The mortar fires its projectile in a U-shaped arc and for this reason may be successfully camouflaged behind an obstruction. It costs about \$500. You and your neighbors, joining together, can buy many of these effective weapons for use of our army.

LIONEL TRAINS

LIONEL CHEM-LAB

Now, right at the moment when chemical research is of utmost importance to America, Lionel introduces to miniature chemical laboratory for boys and girls. Complete and professional in every way, Lionel Chem-Lab will give you all the magic and spark of the science of chemistry. See them in your nearest toy store.

Go to your nearest department store, hardware, electrical or toy dealer and ask for a copy of the new, big, 1942 Lionel Catalog. It pictures in full color this year's great, new fleet of Lionel speed wizards. Big, powerful engines with remote control locomotive whistles. Snorting little switchers with electrically operated engine bells. If you can't wait - if you want your catalog at once - then clip and mail coupon below, enclosing 10 cents to cover postage and handling.

LIONEL, Dept. 5, 15 East 20th St., New York
Enclosed is 10c to cover postage and handling.

Please send me a copy of new 1942 Lionel Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

GENIUS JONES

BY STAN KAVE AND AL BESTER



GENIUS JONES HAS ANSWERED SOME TOUGH QUESTIONS, BUT THIS IS THE TALE OF A PROBLEM HE **NEVER** SOLVED!

THE STORY IS SO STRANGE AND WEIRD THAT WE'RE GOING TO LET THE **ANSWERMAN** TELL IT TO YOU EXACTLY THE WAY HE WROTE IT IN HIS DIARY AFTER IT HAPPENED...

STRANGELY ENOUGH THE **ANSWERMAN** BEGINS WITH A QUESTION:

"Did I ever see a Dream Walking?"

Dear Diary... I'm all mixed up, so I'm going to tell you exactly what happened today...



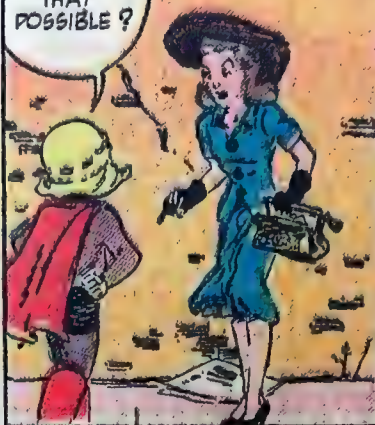
It all started when **Mary Brown** came to my information booth this afternoon...

GENIUS, I WANT TO KNOW WHY PROF. **VON SWINESKY** WANTS TO BUY ALL RIGHT, TITLE AND INTEREST IN MY DREAMS?



HE WANTS TO BUY YOUR DREAMS? HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?

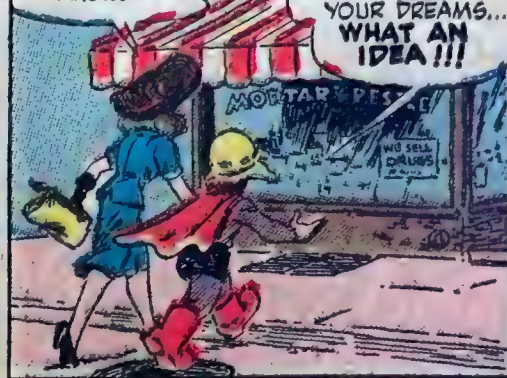
DON'T ASK ME! I'M ASKING YOU... AND HERE'S YOUR DIME!



Fortunately, I was already wearing my **Answerman** suit, so I went out on research with **Mary**...

I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET **VON SWINESKY** AT THE CORNER DRUGSTORE AND GIVE HIM MY ANSWER!

GOOD! I'LL COME ALONG AND INVESTIGATE THIS... BUY YOUR DREAMS... WHAT AN IDEA!!!



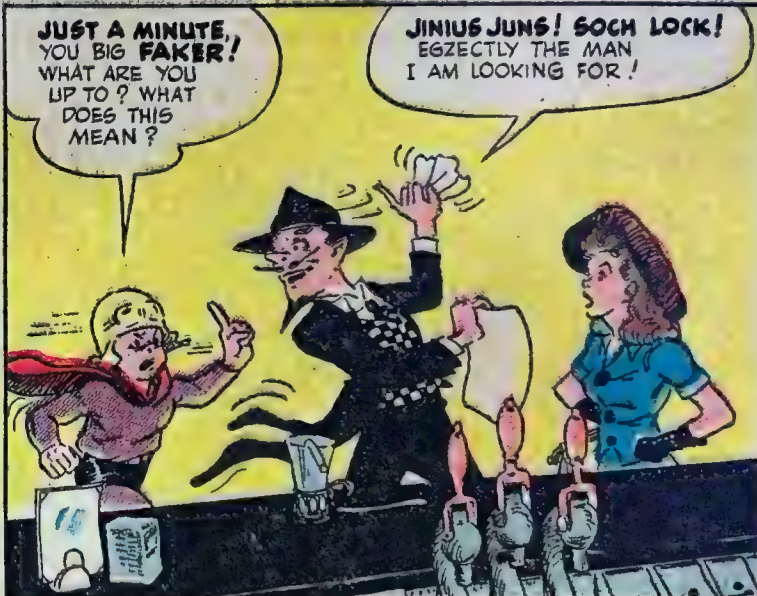
OH... THERE YOU ARE, PROF. **VON SWINESKY**...

MEES BROWN! GRITINKS! I HOPE YOU MEK UP MIND OLREADY? SIGN CONTRACT! TAK FIFE DOLLAR...



JUST A MINUTE, FAKER! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

JINIUS JUNG! SOCH LOCK! EGZECTLY THE MAN I AM LOOKING FOR!



A second after **Von Swinesky's** signal, his hired hoodlums attacked me!

C'MON, **HOIMAN!** DE BOSS WANTS SOMEBODY RUBBED OUT!

HE SURE WOIKS US HARD, **REGINALD!**

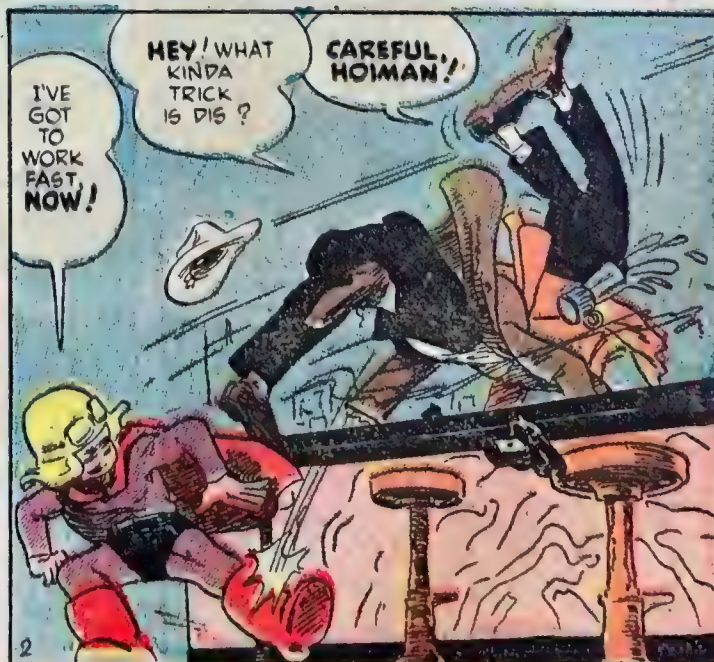
OH... OH...

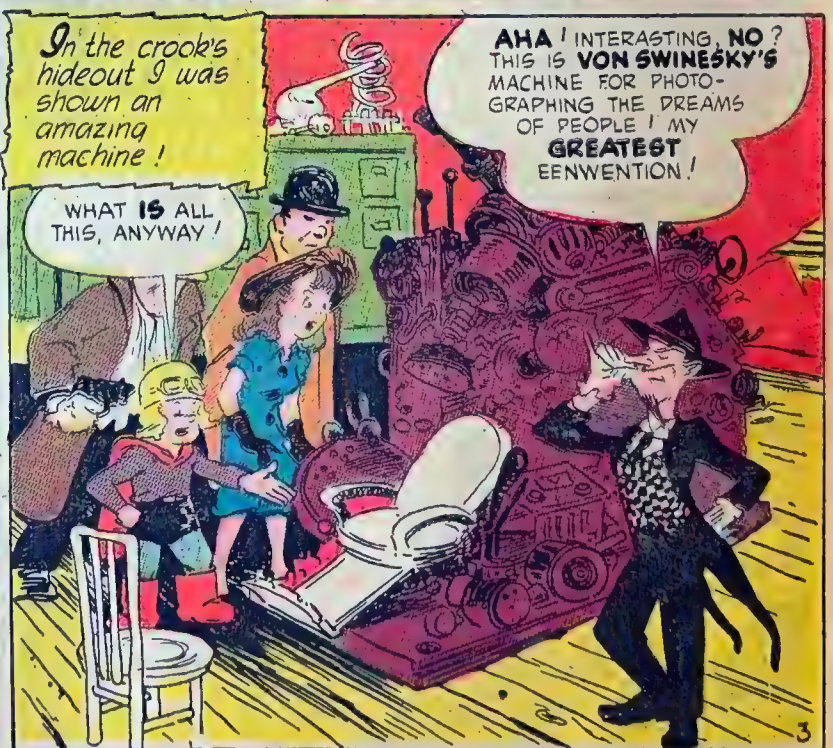
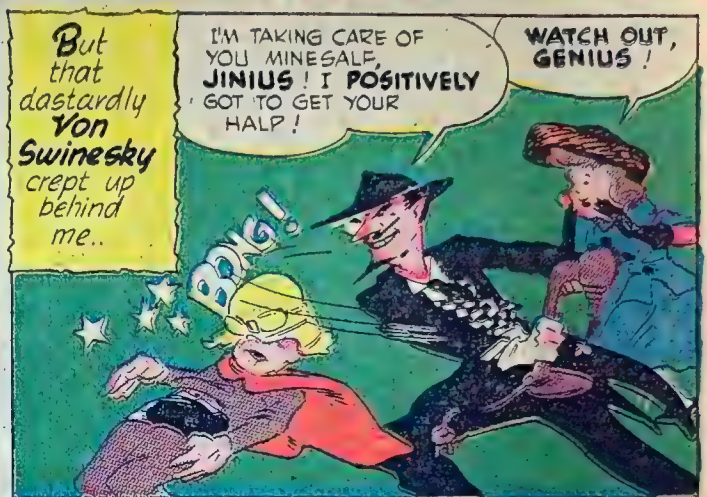
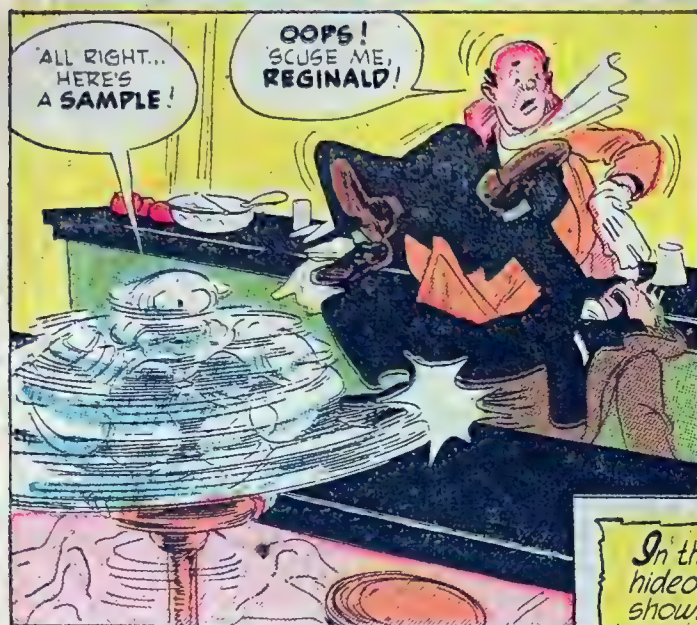
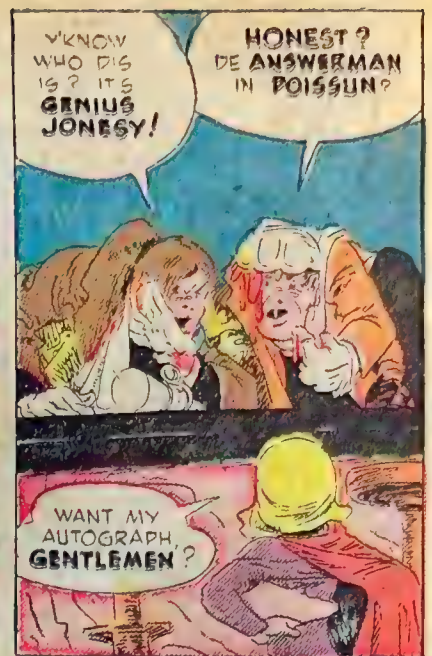
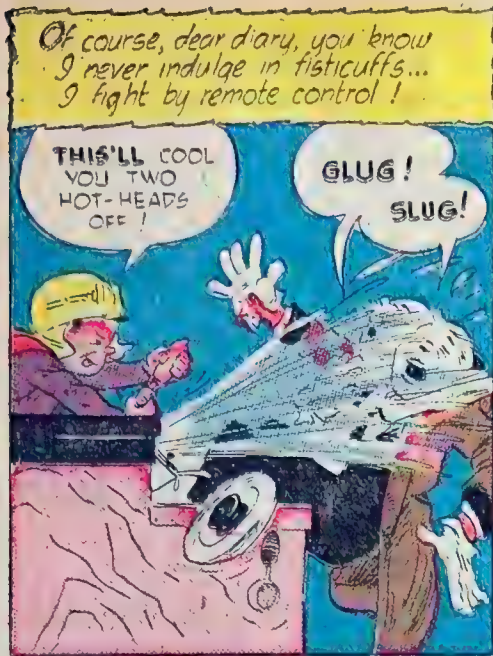


I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, NOW!

HEY! WHAT KINDA TRICK IS DIS?

CAREFUL, **HOIMAN!**





PHOTOGRAPHING
PEOPLE'S DREAMS?
IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU CAN'T
EVEN **SEE**
THEM!

WRONK! ALL
THOUGHT IS
ELACTRICAL!
DRIMS, TOO! MY
MACHINE IS LIKE
TELEVISOR!
IT PICKS UP THE
ELACTRICAL
VIBRATIONS FROM
THE HEAD AND
MAKES PICTURES!

*At first, dear diary,
I was skeptical...*

**IM-
POSSIBLE!**
BECAUSE
 $2x \frac{a}{b} / (y+1)$
 $= 1a^2 + 2b^3$
 $- [a^2b]$!

YOU ARE
WRONK.
BECAUSE
 $4ab + 9/a^2b^3$
 $c^4 - (y+ay) =$
 $32!$

*But Von Swinesky soon
convinced me!*

VON SWINESKY.
YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
THERE!

I ALSO GOT A
PROBLEM, **JINIUS!**
SOMETINK **WRONK**
WIT THE **WIRINK!**
YOU **FIX** IT,
YOU GO **FREE.**
HOKAY?

*His problem was elementary for my
profound technical knowledge...*

THERE
YOU ARE,
VON
SWINESKY.
ALL - **FIXED!**

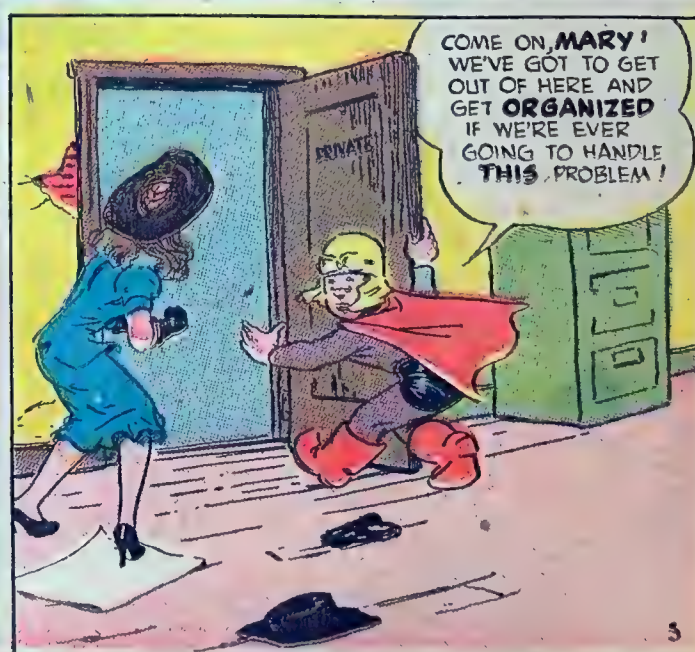
GOOT! NOW,
BEFORE YOU
GO, I SHOW
YOU
EGZECTLY:
HOW THE
MACHINE
VORKS!
HOKAY?

WH-WHYY--
THAT'S
MARY.

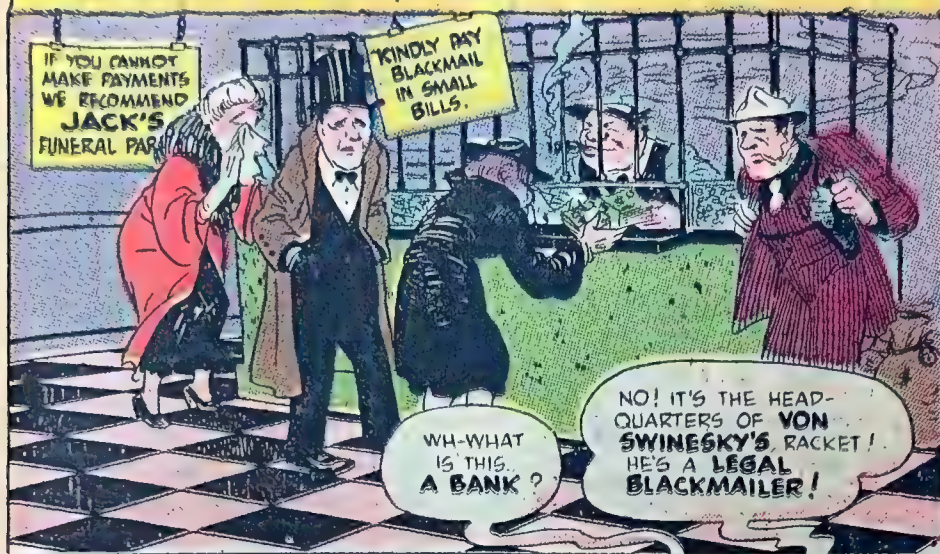
VAIT! VAIT
TILL YOU SEE
THE **KASI** IIF
THE **DRIM!**

GOLLY!
WHAT A
DREAM!

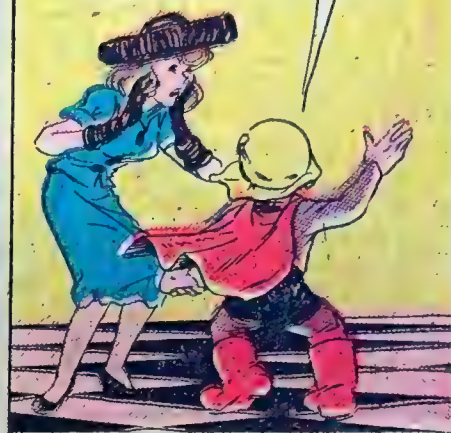
G-GENIUS I HAD
THAT NIGHTMAKE ABOUT
MY RICH OLD UNCLE
LAST WEEK. IF HE EVER
SEES IT... I WON'T
GET A **PENNY** FROM
HIM!



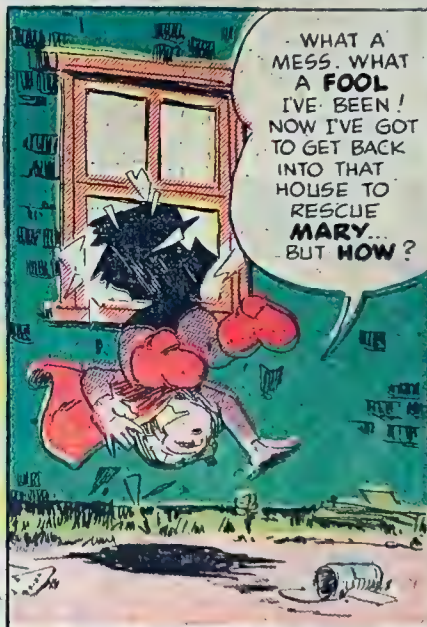
But we went out the wrong door, dear diary, and found ourselves in a strange office...



VON SWINESKY GETS MONEY BY THREATENING TO REVEAL WHAT HE'S DISCOVERED ABOUT PEOPLE IN THEIR DREAMS! HE COVERS UP LEGALLY BY BUYING THE DREAMS!



While we stared, the thugs crept up behind us and---oh, I can't go on, dear diary!



It took only a few minutes to disguise myself... Then ---

I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST NOW! SECONDS MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MARY'S LIFE AND DEATH!



Von Swinesky was completely fooled by my disguise!

AH... ER... MY GOOD FELLOW. I HEAR YOU'RE BUYING DREAMS! I HAVE SOME **PIPPING** I'D LIKE TO SELL!

YES? **SPLENDID!** COME IN AT VUNCE, **HONORED SIR!**

KINDLY PAY NO ATTENTION TO MY **ASSISTANT** HERE. WE ARE CONDUCTING AN **EXPERIMENT...** HEH-HEH!

OH... **QUITE...** I SEE

And while he sneered at poor Mary, I made a lightning change in the wiring of his machine!

I ONLY HOPE THIS WORKS... BUT MY CALCULATIONS **CAN'T BE WRONG!**

WE WILL NOW **TAK DOWN** YOU **DRIMS!** GO TO **SLIP!** YOU ARE **SLI-I-PINK!** YOU ARE **OLRADDY ASLIP...**

QUICK, GET THE MOOFY CAMERA RADDY! HERE IS A **NOO DRIMER** FOR US!

SURE, BOSS!

MORE DOUGH FOR US, **HEY, BOSS?**

But I was only pretending to dream... and —

BOSS! THEM THINGS AIN'T **PITCHAS!** THEY'RE **REAL!**

THE MACHINE IS **MATERIALIZING** THE **DRIMS!** BUT **WAT HES HAPPENED?** HOW COULD **DAT BE?**

HEY! LOOKIT DEM TINGS!

KILL THEM! GET **DEM OUT OF THE WAY** SO I CAN **TURN OFF THE MACHINE!**

*You see, dear diary, I had changed the machine to reproduce my thoughts **alive**!*

GET RID UF DEM!
GET RID UF DEM!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?
OWW!

HELP!

I think I went too far when I thought up that dragon.

OH! MY BEE-YOUTIFUL MACHINE! BURNINK!

As soon as I stopped thinking, the creatures vanished. But the fire raged on!

POP!

OH HOW AWFUL, GENIUS! THE FIRE DESTROYED THE ENTIRE BUILDING. AND THOSE THUGS, TOO!

I'VE GOTTEN YOU OUT SAFE AND THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT!

OH, GENIUS... YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL...

SMACK!

The next thing I knew I was being awakened!

HEY, GENIUS! WAKE UP, WILL YA! I WANT A HOT TIP ON THE 4TH AT PIMLICO!

Tell me, dear diary, did Mary's kiss knock me unconscious, or was the whole thing a dream?

The end



STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



Romulus and Remus

ONE of the most famous of Roman legends is the story of Romulus, the legendary first king of Rome and his twin brother Remus. The tale relates that the boys, the sons of Mars and Silvia, the daughter of the King of Alba, were placed in a basket or trough and cast into the Tiber River by their grand uncle Amulius, who had seized the throne of Alba. The basket floated on the Tiber until it grounded in some marshes, at a spot under a wild fig tree. Here they were found and suckled by a she wolf. They



She Wolf Suckling Romulus and Remus

were later picked up by a shepherd who brought them home to his wife. As years went by the boys grew up to be superior men. They soon became leaders of a warlike band of shepherds and in the course of time, they were recognized by their grandfather Numitor, the deposed King of Alba. After slaying their grand uncle Amulius, they restored the throne of Alba to Numitor.

One day, the two boys quarrelled over the location of a site for their proposed city of Rome. Romulus set up the boundaries

on the site where he and his brother were cast ashore years before. Remus did not like the location and made fun of the boundary wall set up by Romulus and leaped over it. In heated anger, Romulus struck and slew his brother and immediately regretted it.

Some time later after the city of Rome was started, Romulus was holding a review of his army when suddenly the skies grew dark and a storm fell upon them. The people fled in terror. When the storm was over and the people returned, Romulus was not to be found. The belief of the people was that during the darkness, thunder and lightning of the storm, Romulus' father Mars, carried him off to the dwelling place of the gods.

During 1929, on the anniversary of the founding of Rome, Italy issued a set of 20 stamps in commemoration of the event. One of the main designs in the set was a picture of the she wolf suckling Romulus and Remus.

MEANING OF "APPROVALS"

When the word "approvals" or "approval applicants" appears in any advertisement on these pages, it means that the advertiser, in addition to sending you the offer he makes you, sends you some sheets of paper upon which are stuck stamps that he wishes you to look over and possibly buy. These stamps have written below them the price he wishes for that stamp. If you want to buy it, you remove the stamp or stamps you want, and RETURN those you do NOT want together with the money for THOSE YOU HAVE KEPT. In other words, the stamps are for your "APPROVAL."

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c

Complete set to approval applicants only
L. W. BROWN Dept. DA Marlon, Mich.

Gigantic Canadian Bargain

Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.
Ensign Stamp Co., Box 118-D, So. Orange, N. J.

UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable: 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar Wilson, composed entirely of face different postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, nothing else. In addition, 2 U.S. Possession pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10c, but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state whether you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

Approval Headquarters
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
268 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 733 New York City

U.S. FREE Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale U.S.

If you Write To-Day for My Fine U.S. Approvals

JOHN J. GUNTHER, Box 535, Stamford, Conn.

FREE — THE STAMP FINDER!

Send to-day for big new edition fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps! Also fine packet strange, fascinating stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patiala, Cyprus, etc., including Maps, Ships, Animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants including 3c postage.

GARCELON STAMP CO
Box 952 Calais, Maine

GREAT "4 CENTS FOR 5c" OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail: triangle and animal stamps; many others. (2) 2 scarce unused United States, cat. price 20c. (3) Fine packet 25 dif. British Colonies—Charkhari, Jamaica, Johore, etc. (4) U.S. \$4.00 & \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains given

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 4, Camden, New York

VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika—British Cayman Islands—Animal—Scarce Babyhead—Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps—with Big Catalogue, all free. Send 5c for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY
Dept. AM Toronto Canada

55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5c

including AIRMAILS, PRESENTATIONALS, high values, 19th Century, COMMEMORATIVES, etc., revenues, etc. to applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LISTS included.

W. C. BOOKMAN, Box 145DA, Maplewood, N. J.

PONY EXPRESS SET

Few collectors have ever seen these rare U.S. locals issued by Wells Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who enclose 4c (four cents) postage.

R. D. Roberts & Co., 504 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

118 DIFFERENT STAMPS

Including Commemorative, Charities, Airmail Pictorials, sets, etc. Only 3c to Approval Applicants.
Badger Stamp Co., Dept. E, Milwaukee, Wis.

STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK

Packet of 100 different stamps from world; including countries at war; packet of stamp hinges, and 48 page STAMP COLLECTORS HAND-BOOK full of valuable information. Everything 10c to approval applicants.

H. D. Dolin, 31 Park Row, New York City

GIVEN MEXICO CENSUS SET COMPLETE FREE
Free to approval applicants
PLADON STAMP CO.
1717 Idaho, Dept. DA, Toledo, Ohio

EARN CASH! . . . EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club, and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you. Wholesale and Bargain Lists sent.

Mortimer C. Ellis, 55 Rhode New York City

WAR TORN RUSSIA

Source set of four Russian stamps cataloging 8c, plus giant illustrated bar approval applicants who enclose the names and addresses of three stamp collecting friends.
Frederick B. Fitts, Dept. 20, Framingham, Mass.

MANHUNTER

MEEET THE ANIMAL KILLER---A FURTIVE HUNSMAN WHO STALKS CAPTIVE JUNGLE BEASTS IN THE CITY ZOO...UNDER THE BIG TOP OF THE CIRCUS... IN THE PRIVATE MENAGERIES OF THE WEALTHY-- TO FURTHER A FANTASTIC CRIMINAL PLOT! AND ONCE AGAIN THE LIFE OF **MANHUNTER** BECOMES THE STAKE IN A DESPERATE GAMBLE, AS THAT MASTER TRAILSMAN TURNING FROM THE PURSUIT OF FOUR-FOOTED CREATURES TO STALK A BRUTAL SLAYER, THROUGH A MAZE OF PERIL, SEEKS THE AMAZING EXPLANATION OF "THE ANIMAL MURDERS!"



BOREDOM
LEADS
PAUL
KIRK,
WEALTHY
YOUNG
HUNTER
OF BIG
GAME,
TO THE
CITY
ZOO.

TO THE
ZOO

I'LL DROP IN ON CLAUDE
RANSSELL, THE ZOO DIRECTOR,
AND SEE IF HE'S CHANGED
HIS MIND ABOUT BUYING
LAND IN AFRICA AND
SETTLING THERE

TOO LATE HE TRIES TO STOP WHAT
APPEARS TO BE A WANTON ACT OF
CRUELTY...

TAKE THAT, YA
OVERGROWN CAT!

HOLD ON, MISTER!
TORMENTING CAGED
ANIMALS ISN'T FAIR!

LEO!

A SPLIT
SECOND
LATER...

HELP!
SAVE
ME!

WHA---?
THE LION HAS
JUMPED RIGHT
THROUGH
THE BARS!

IF I CAN GET THE CRITTER
AFTER ME, THE POOR DEVIL
MAY STAND A CHANCE...
MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT
TO A TREE

AS THE ENRAGED BEAST SPRINGS TO-
WARD ITS NEW FOE, A SHOT RINGS OUT...

HERE HE COMES--
HUH? SOMEBODY'S
SHOT HIM!

CRACK!

A MAN
GIMME A
DOLLAR TO
THROW THAT
ROCK! HE
WORE DARK
GLASSES AND
A BEARD!

KIRK! THANK
GOODNESS I
GOT HIM BE-
FORE HE
GOT YOU!

CLAUDE RANSSELL! YOU
SHOWED UP JUST IN
A TIME TO SAVE MY LIFE!

THAT WAS OUR
FINEST LION--A
WILD FELLOW I
BROUGHT BACK
FROM AFRICA RECENT-
LY... TOO BAD!

IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT---THE BARS WERE FILED NEARLY THROUGH, SO THAT WHEN THE LION SPRANG, HE'D BREAK THEM!

BUT WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT? THE ZOO IS LOCKED AT NIGHT AND THE FENCE IS PATROLED...

THEN WHOEVER PAID THAT POOR FELLOW TO THROW THE STONE MUST HAVE HOPED HE'D BE KILLED---AS HE WOULD HAVE BEEN, EXCEPT FOR YOU!

OR ELSE HE WANTED THE LION KILLED. I WONDER?...

WHAT FANTASTIC CRIME IS THIS, THAT INVOLVES THE SLAYING OF A ZOO'S PRIZE LION?... IT MAY BE THAT WE SHALL KNOW THE ANSWER IN GOOD TIME--- BUT MEANWHILE, EVEN STRANGER TRAGEDIES ARE IN THE MAKING...

THAT EVENING, THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH SPREADS ITS TENTS ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...

I'M LIKE A KID WHEN CIRCUS TIME COMES AROUND---AND THIS TIME I'M PARTICULARLY ANXIOUS TO SEE THAT NEW PERFORMING ELEPHANT, ELSIE...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT **ELSIE**, THE MOST TALENTED ELEPHANT ON EARTH--- LATELY ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY FROM AFRICA!

NO OTHER ELEPHANT CAN DO THIS TRICK!

BRAVO HOORAY

THE MOST DIFFICULT TRICK OF ALL!

SUDDENLY

GREAT SCOTT--- AN EXPLOSION! THE ELEPHANT IS FALLING!



THE NEXT INSTANT...

THIS WILL RUIN OUR SHOW!

THE YOUNG LADY IS ALL RIGHT-BUT SHE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE..

LET ME SEE THAT ELEPHANT'S WOUND!

AN EXPLOSIVE BULLET KILLED ELSIE....I OUGHT TO KNOW- I'VE SEEN THE RESULTS OF ENOUGH OF THEM!

BUT-- BUT THERE WASN'T ANY SOUND OF A SHOT!

LATER, IN HIS TROPHY-LADEN HOME, SET IN THE MIDST OF A PRIVATE ZOOLOGICAL PARK, KIRK BROODS OVER THE MYSTERY ---



A MAN WHO WOULD KILL ANIMALS WANTONLY IS A MURDERER-EVEN IF HIS SCHEMING HADN'T ENDANGERED THE LIVES OF HUMAN BEINGS!



BUT WHERE IS THE LINK BETWEEN THE TWO KILLINGS? LET'S SEE-- BOTH THE LION AND THE ELEPHANT CAME RECENTLY FROM AFRICA...

THEY ARRIVED ON THE SAME BOAT AND BEFORE SAILING WERE KEPT FOR SEVERAL WEEKS IN THE ANIMAL STOCKADE AT THE PORT OF DUBAR... THEY ARRIVED THE SAME TIME AS MY NEW BLACK PANTHER....



WHAT AN IDIOT I AM STANDING HERE WHEN THE BLACK PANTHER MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM! IT'S TIME FOR ACTION--AND THE ACTION HAD BETTER COME FROM MANHUNTER!

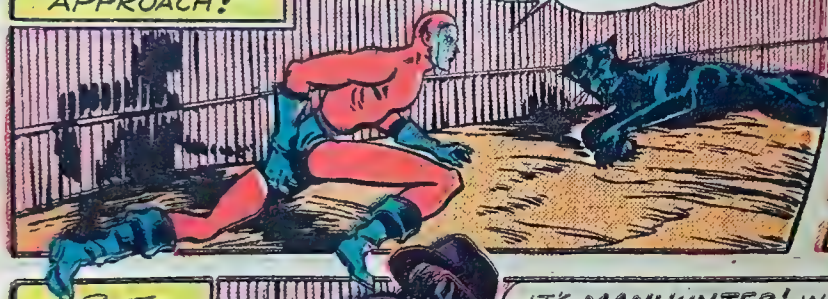
MOMENTS LATER, THE WILD CREATURES OF PAUL KIRK'S PRIVATE ZOO STIR RESTIVELY AS A SHAPE MOVES THROUGH THE SHADOWS--
MANHUNTER!



ARR-R-R-RGH!
TAKE IT EASY, YOU STRIPED TORNADO.

ONLY THE RARE BLACK PANTHER -- USUALLY THE MOST FEROCIOUS OF BEASTS -- FAILS TO SNARL AT **MANHUNTER'S** APPROACH!

BLACKIE, YOU LOOK PRETTY SICK --- COME TO THINK OF IT YOU'VE BEEN ACTING STRANGELY FOR DAYS!



FEARLESSLY, THE ANIMAL EXPERT KNEELS -- AND THE MIDNIGHT-HUED KILLER, SENSING A FRIEND, REMAINS QUIET...

I'LL FIX YOU SOME MEDICINE... AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I HAD TRACKING YOU DOWN, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO BURY YOU!



BUT **MANHUNTER** IS NOT THE ONLY PROWLER ABROAD THIS NIGHT... FOR AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STOCKADE...



IT'S **MANHUNTER!** WHAT A TOUGH BREAK! BUT I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH WHAT I'VE STARTED...

THE VICIOUS CRACK OF A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE --- A THIN STREAK OF ORANGE FLAME --- AND ---



EEE-EEE-R-R-AUGH!

IT'S HAPPENED!

IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND, FELLA! I'LL ATTEND TO IT AS SOON AS I CATCH YOUR SNIPER!



STOP! YOU'LL SAVE YOURSELF TROUBLE BY FACING THE MUSIC NOW!



I DON'T LIKE MUSIC!

THE
SNARL
OF A
BULLET
FORCES
MANHUNTER
TO
SEEK
SHELTER...



... AND THE NEXT SECOND A SIMPLE
TRAP HURLS HIM HEADLONG ...

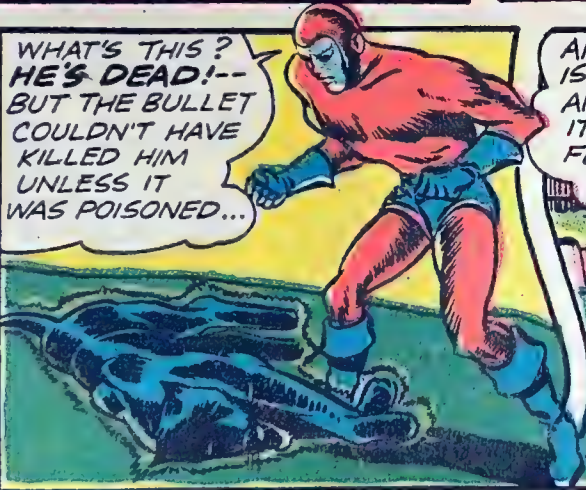
HE RIGGED THIS UP IN CASE
SOMEBODY CHASED HIM! HE
ISN'T SO STUPID-- BUT I AM,
TO BE CAUGHT BY STUNTS
LIKE THIS!

LEAPING INTO A WAITING CAR, THE
FUGITIVE SLAMS THE DOOR SO HARD THE
WINDOW GLASS IS BROKEN ...



BUT
WHEN
MANHUNTER
RETURNS
TO THE
BLACK
PANTHER'S
LAIR, HE
FINDS
NOT A
WOUNDED
ANIMAL--
BUT A
DEAD
ONE!

WHAT'S THIS?
HE'S DEAD!--
BUT THE BULLET
COULDN'T HAVE
KILLED HIM
UNLESS IT
WAS POISONED...



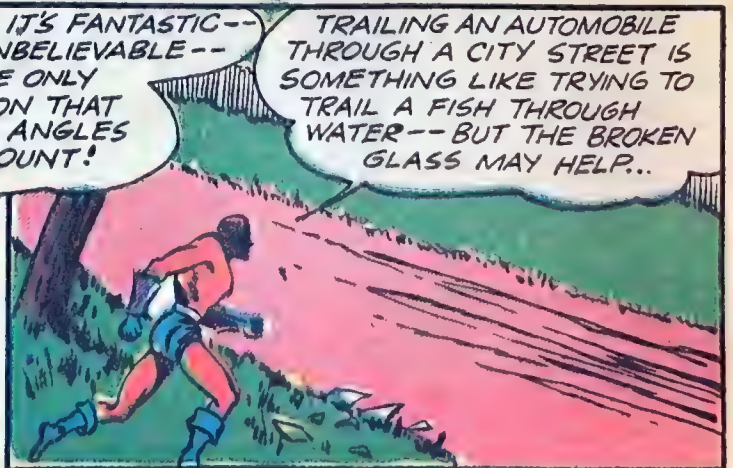
AND THE WHOLE BODY
IS GLOWING --- TEETH
AND CLAWS ESPECIALLY!
IT'S AS IF HE'D BEEN
FED PHOSPHOROUS,
OR ---

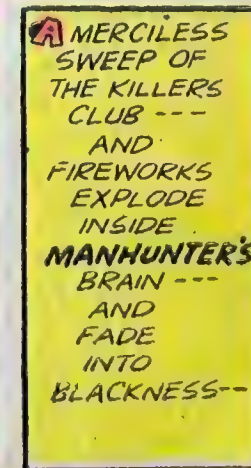
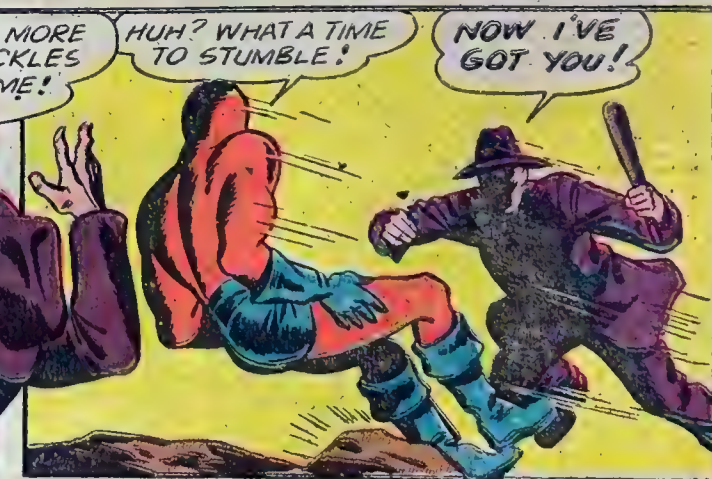
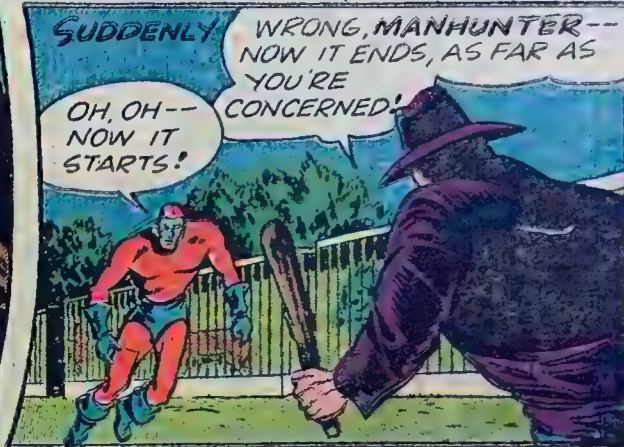
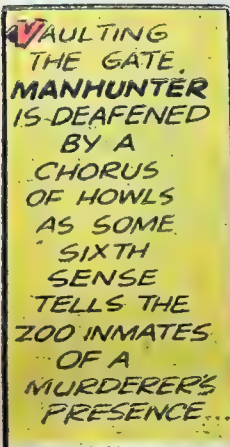
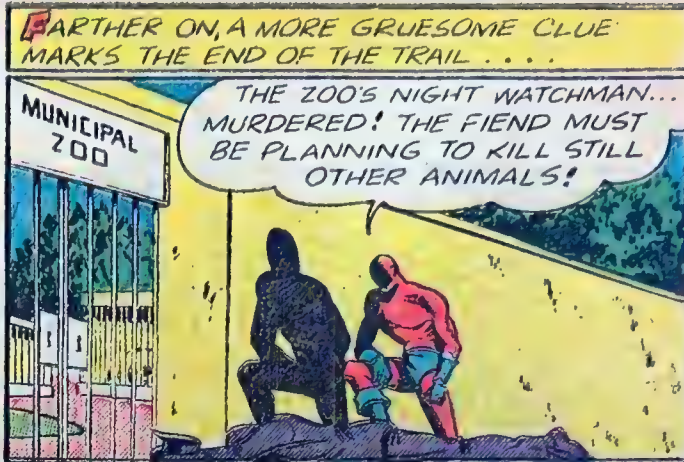


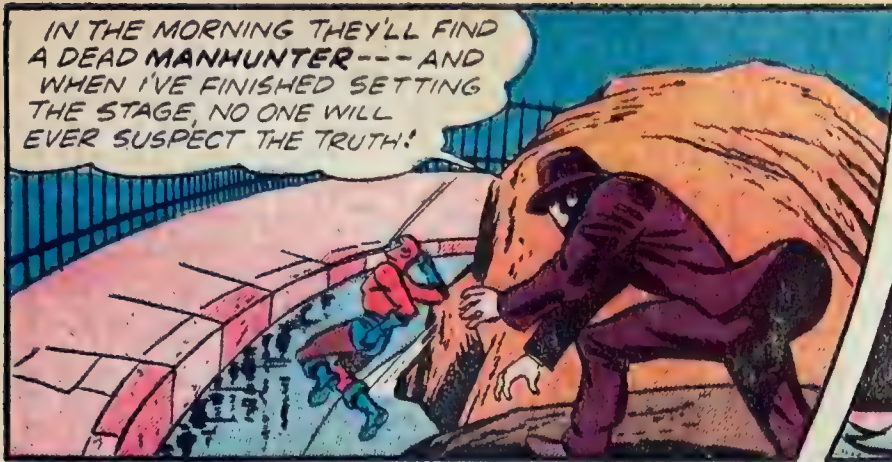
I'VE GOT IT! IT'S FANTASTIC--
ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE--
BUT IT'S THE ONLY
EXPLANATION THAT
TAKES ALL ANGLES
INTO ACCOUNT!



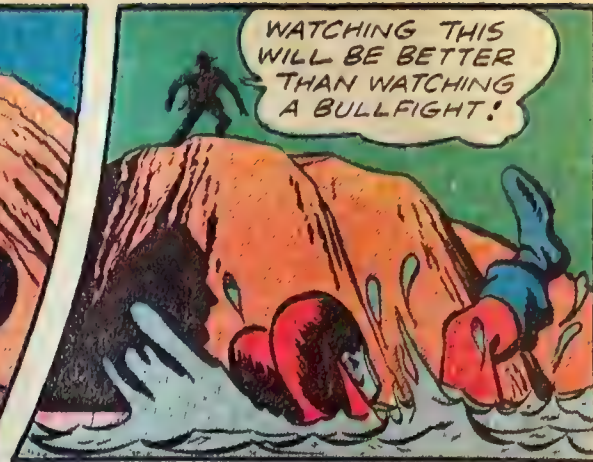
TRAILING AN AUTOMOBILE
THROUGH A CITY STREET IS
SOMETHING LIKE TRYING TO
TRAIL A FISH THROUGH
WATER-- BUT THE BROKEN
GLASS MAY HELP...



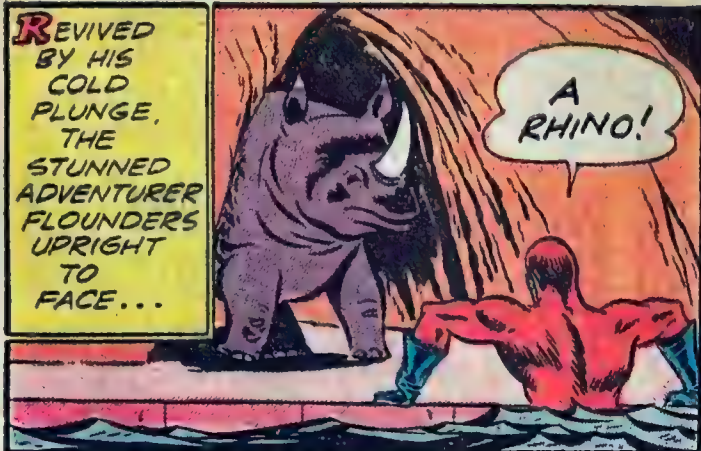




IN THE MORNING THEY'LL FIND A DEAD MANHUNTER--- AND WHEN I'VE FINISHED SETTING THE STAGE, NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT THE TRUTH!

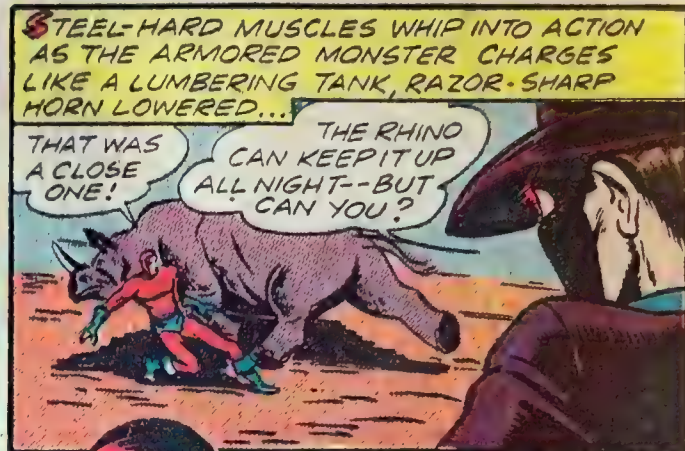


WATCHING THIS WILL BE BETTER THAN WATCHING A BULLFIGHT!



REVIVED BY HIS COLD PLUNGE, THE STUNNED ADVENTURER FLOUNDERS UPRIGHT TO FACE...

A RHINO!



STEEL-HARD MUSCLES WHIP INTO ACTION AS THE ARMORED MONSTER CHARGES LIKE A LUMBERING TANK, RAZOR-SHARP HORN LOWERED...

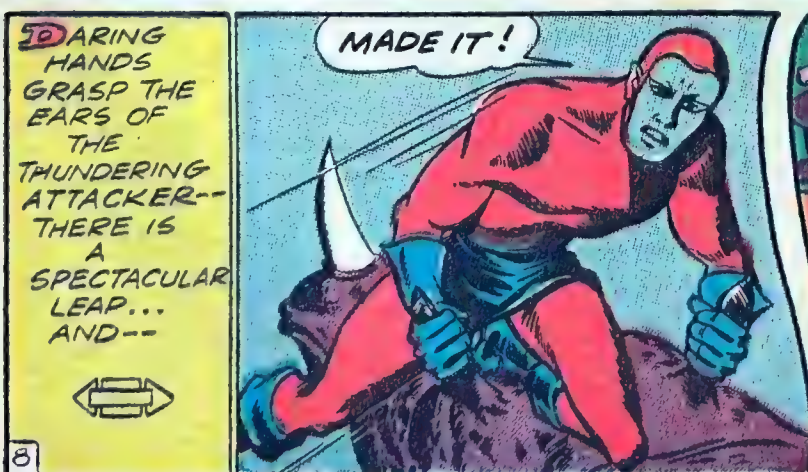
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

THE RHINO CAN KEEP IT UP ALL NIGHT-- BUT CAN YOU?



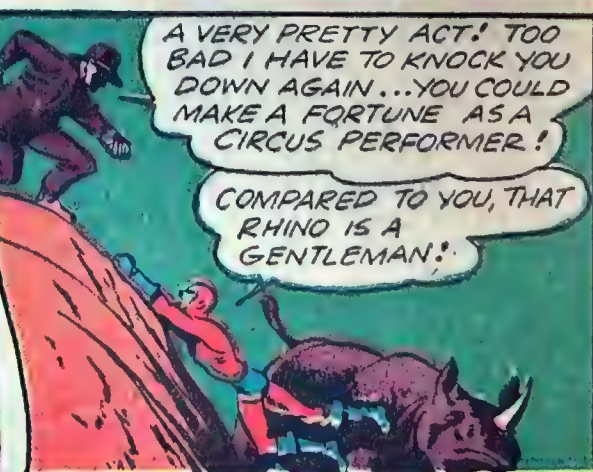
THAT'S IT-- CATCH HIM! HE ONLY WEIGHS TWO OR THREE TONS!

IT'S A SLIM CHANCE-- BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE--



MADE IT!

DARING HANDS GRASP THE EARS OF THE THUNDERING ATTACKER-- THERE IS A SPECTACULAR LEAP... AND--



A VERY PRETTY ACT! TOO BAD I HAVE TO KNOCK YOU DOWN AGAIN... YOU COULD MAKE A FORTUNE AS A CIRCUS PERFORMER!

COMPARED TO YOU, THAT RHINO IS A GENTLEMAN!

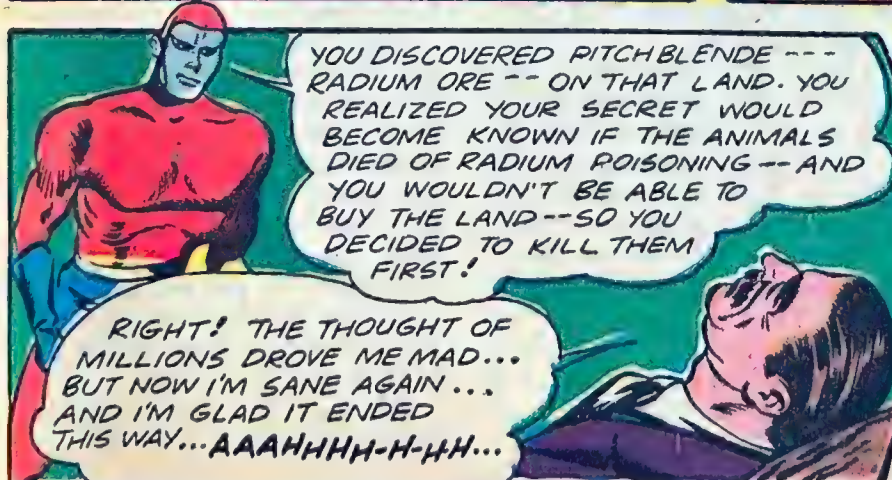
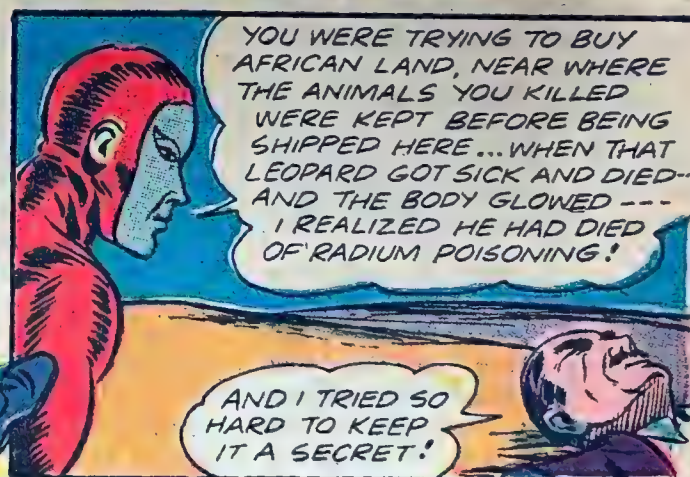
A LIFE-AND-DEATH RACE BETWEEN A SWING-
ING CLUB AND A SWINGING BODY... AND
THE END OF IT....



DOWN PLUNGES THE KILLER--- DOWN
LIKE A DOOMED BIRD OF PREY -- AND
AT THE END OF THE FALL ...



A
COMET
OF
MERCY,
MAN-
HUNTER
HURTLES
TO
THE
RESCUE..



SO ANOTHER MISGUIDED MAN,
WHOSE GREED MADE HIM A
HUMAN BEAST OF PREY, PAYS
THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR
HIS CRIMES... AND
MANHUNTER, TRACKER
OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF
ALL GAME IN THE JUNGLES
OF THE UNDERWORLD,
IS FREE TO FOLLOW THE
TRAIL OF ADVENTURE
ONCE MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
**ADVENTURE
COMICS!**

GLORIOUS TRUST

by Haven Hardy

SAVE for the steps of the night watch outside the old house, the town was as oppressively still as the heat, which, despite the going down of the sun many hours before, was as fierce as mid-afternoon.

Behind the drawn blinds, the man in the room fidgeted uncomfortably, his attention arrested by the cry of the night watch. He had had no idea it was so late!

Before him stood a shimmering candle. On the floor around him, paper was littered. The implements of writing: a quill, ink, and sand horn were on the table, grouped about the candle.

There was a thoughtful expression on the youngish man's face as he dabbed at his brow, from which the hair receded in a high line.

But why hide behind closed blinds? Why work in the thin light of a single candle when, for the asking, one might have an enormous candelabra filled with them?

These questions, too, the man at the writing table seemed to trifle with for a moment. He was wondering at the fate which had decreed such secrecy be necessary. After all, he was a young man, well known about town. Where the others of his friends, Adams, for example, was suspected and unpopular, he was very much otherwise.

A faint smile came over his face as he thought of this now. He was actually a criminal, if not in point of fact he soon would be so! He wondered what the folks back in Virginia would say if they could see him now, hiding behind the blinds of a Northern refuge.

He sighed, wearily. It wasn't so much the danger, he decided,

that enervated him: it was this constant secrecy. Today, he hadn't dared venture out into the streets, not because they were seeking him but because he was afraid, that in the happiness showing in his face, he would betray a great trust.

How eagerly, he thought now in retrospect, he had seized upon this glorious opportunity his friends had given him to use his pen. Not even the gravity of the situation had been enough to check the effervescence of his spirits when he had left them.

Only time had done that.

Almost frightened he thought: "Why, that was only a few days ago. I feel tonight as though I have lived a lifetime."

The feeling had come over him as the sun dipped its red head beneath a blue coverlet. His mind seemed clearer after that, but still he was unable to marshal the thoughts that were crowding his brain.

His thin lips were two narrow lines and twin furrows appeared on his aristocratic brow. Once again, he picked up the quill and made notes on his writing pad. He didn't want to forget some of these thoughts. Nor the indignities that had brought them on.

"I don't like this," he muttered, "A man shouldn't have to hide, not an honest man at any rate. He is entitled to live a life of harmony and happiness, to do what he so wishes in the boundaries of the law."

He shook his head then, and smiled. That sort of thinking wouldn't help. Not right now. That was personal thinking, his own way of thinking, and he mustn't let it be paramount, so

that people, reading it would mention his name, recognizing his writing.

Not, he thought proudly, that I don't appreciate the honor my readers have paid me. There was that little pamphlet, for example. It had brought him fame, and a place in the council hall of men. Even abroad it had been perused, and word had come back of its fine reception.

But a real author does not live on past glories. To be alive his work must show an understanding of life, and human nature; and point to progress.

For just a moment now, the pen touched the table itself.

Progress! The word was a mockery. Just look what had happened to Justice. The true administration of this high estate was a mockery. Judges were dependent on the will of one man, alone, for salaries and tenure of office. How then could an honest citizen expect to get a fair trial.

And taxes! Already each man was burdened with more than he could bear. Yet word was seeping through that further imposts would be levied. Why work for the daily bread when it would only be taken away from you?

The figure in the maple chair tensed and anger flashed from his eyes. Perhaps not for a long time would it happen, but some day the people would rule the world. There would be no dictators, no single men vested with all power. The people would be the power, theirs the right to choose the kind of world in which they would live, love, work, and laugh.

Ah, laughter. The steely eyes softened. It had been many a

day now since there had been smiles on the faces of the populace. When one's neck is in the shadow of the noose, or one's body may soon be stretched lifeless before the guns of a squad, there is little time for mirth.

A sudden smile on the face of the man at the desk chased away the tear in his eyes. What was it Ben had said? "Gentlemen, we must all hang together, or we shall hang separately." He must remember that, ask him to repeat it. Ben had a lot of good, old-fashioned wisdom for a man who had never had the benefit of higher schooling.

The man smote his hand in his palm, then once again drew the handkerchief across his forehead. It was funny he hadn't thought of Ben before. He really should be writing at the desk, he thought humbly. Ben could really say things in a very few words. He had the wisdom of years behind him, too. Not many men could have risen from a hungry boy in the streets to so powerful an eminence.

As he thought of this, the man pursed his lips. No, he was wrong about that. And he knew Ben would be the first to point it out. "A man is born in this world with an equal chance," Ben would say, "The rest is up to himself."

Yes, an equal chance. That's all anyone needed. It wasn't necessary in this land to be born rich to enjoy the patronage of life. It should not be necessary, egad! It would not be necessary! Not so long as this pen could write. Man should be born free and remain so for the end of his days. It was his inalienable right.

He leaned back now in the chair and closed his eyes, savoring the thought.

Once again, quiet pressed through the windows. Outside, there was no sound.

In the room was only the ticking of the tall-bodied clock and the light breathing of the man who held the quill so firmly in his hands.

So quiet . . . so quiet . . . so quiet . . . tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . so quiet . . . so quiet . . . so quiet. . .

And yet it was not quiet. The man's ears seemed to penetrate far beyond the confines of the room, of the town and they caught the stirrings of unrest that were abroad.

In a little country tavern, behind locked doors a group of stern-faced men were talking. They were farmers, plain and earthy as their lands. They had families, wives and children. It was of them and their future they were talking.

Not only in one tavern, but in many was this scene repeated.

And in the day that followed the night, the talk would continue. There was but one subject for discussion these days. Never had a populace been so in accord on something.



Behind every kitchen door there was a musket to back up the argument if necessary. And when fields were to be plowed, the musket would be close at hand. The nation was ready. It was like a slow burning piece of oak that needed, but the blaze to fan it into a conflagration that could not be checked.

It was almost time to bring that fire to light, the man in the room thought. His mind was tortured with the task to which he had set his hand; for now, these past few hours, he had come to realize what a great mission had been given him to execute.

Perhaps it would have been better had a wiser head than his been chosen. For only an instant did this thought vex him. Then he remembered how, at the last time he had seen Adams, John had declined to propose the draft.

"You should do it," John had said.

Surprise had overwhelmed him. "Oh, no."

Then he had asked, "Why will you not do it, John?"

"Reasons enough."

He remembered it vividly now. How clearly John had stated the case and when it was over, he had agreed with his friend, who shook his hand warmly.

What was it he had promised John? "I will do as well as I can."

And John had said: "Very well. When you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting."

Now they were waiting for him, depending on him. He must not violate that faith! Nor the trust of others that were to come.

There was no smile now as he put the quill to writing tablet. He was thinking, clearly and concisely, and the thoughts were marching in his mind like soldiers on dress parade, and he the commander.

Rapidly, he wrote: "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political band which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. . . ."



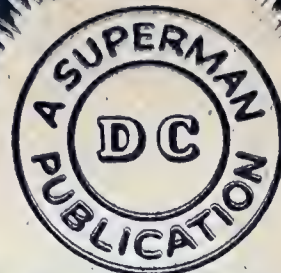
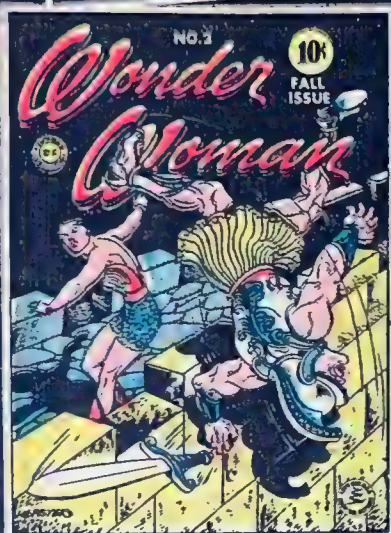
Head bent to the task, the man at the writing desk pushed the quill across the paper. He would not stop now until the job was done, until, into the hands of the committee this document was placed; for this was the Declaration of Independence of the new United States of America, and he, Thomas Jefferson, was the repository of a glorious trust!

**THE
END**

DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!



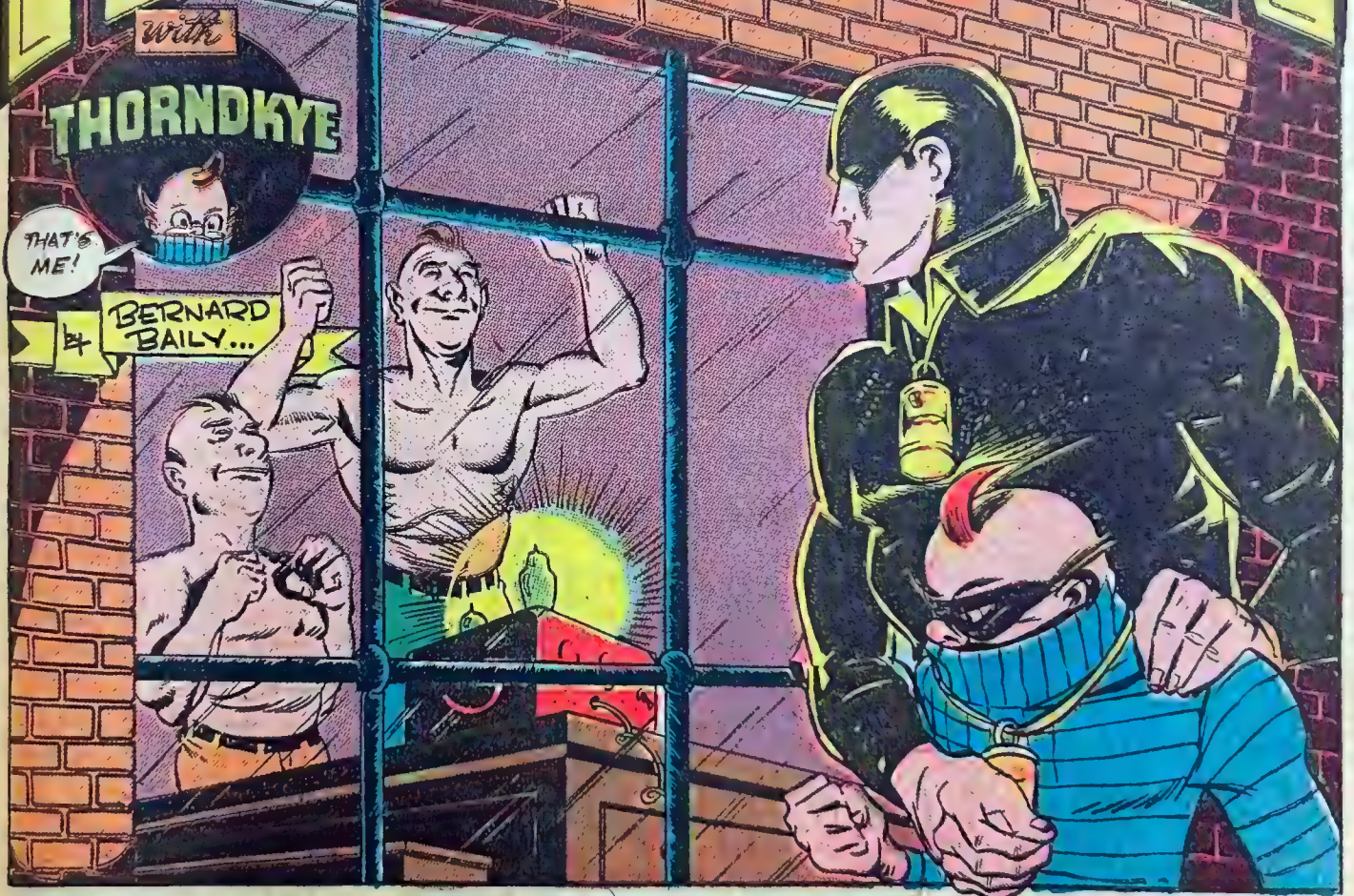
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!

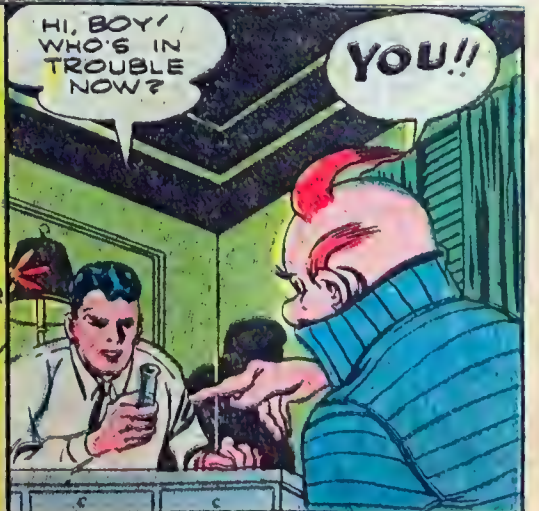


HOURMAN



MIRACLO.. marvel of marvels.. miracle of machines.. mysterious power-giving ray that transforms mild Rex Tyler into **HOURMAN** with the strength of a giant for 60 minutes.. strength badly needed for the eternal crusade on rackets! But when the racketeers hijack the **MIRACLO** machine and turn its stupendous powers against justice... Hourman's seconds are numbered until he can cope with.. **"THE HIGH-POWERED HOODS!"**

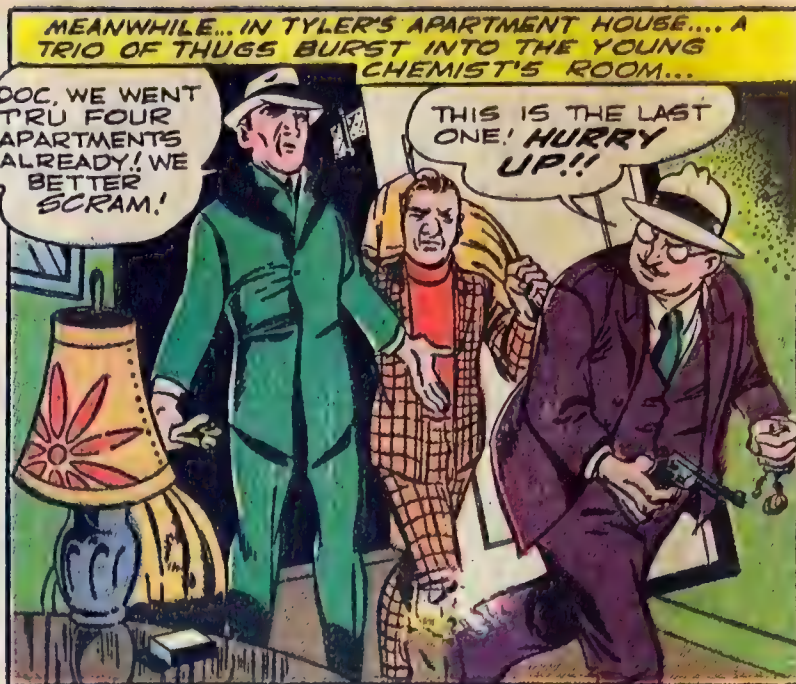
Late afternoon... AND INTO REX TYLER'S LAB RUSHES THORNDYKE, FREQUENT MESSENGER OF MISERY





ME?

YES, YOU! I SAW SOME THUGS GOING INTO THE HOUSE WHERE YOU LIVE! THEY'RE PROBABLY GONNA BURGLE SOME APARTMENTS ... MAYBE YOURS!



MEANWHILE... IN TYLER'S APARTMENT HOUSE... A TRIO OF THUGS BURST INTO THE YOUNG CHEMIST'S ROOM...

DOC, WE WENT T'RU FOUR APARTMENTS ALREADY! WE BETTER SCRAM!

THIS IS THE LAST ONE! HURRY UP!!



COME ON, SLIM ... LET'S GO!

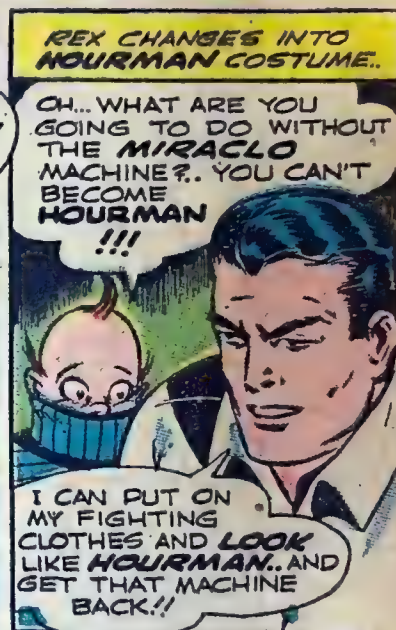
SURE, DOC... SURE! I JUST WANNA TAKE DIS HERE SWELL-LOOKIN' RADIO, TOO!



SECONDS LATER...

GOLLY!.. THEY BUSTED IN HERE, ALL RIGHT!

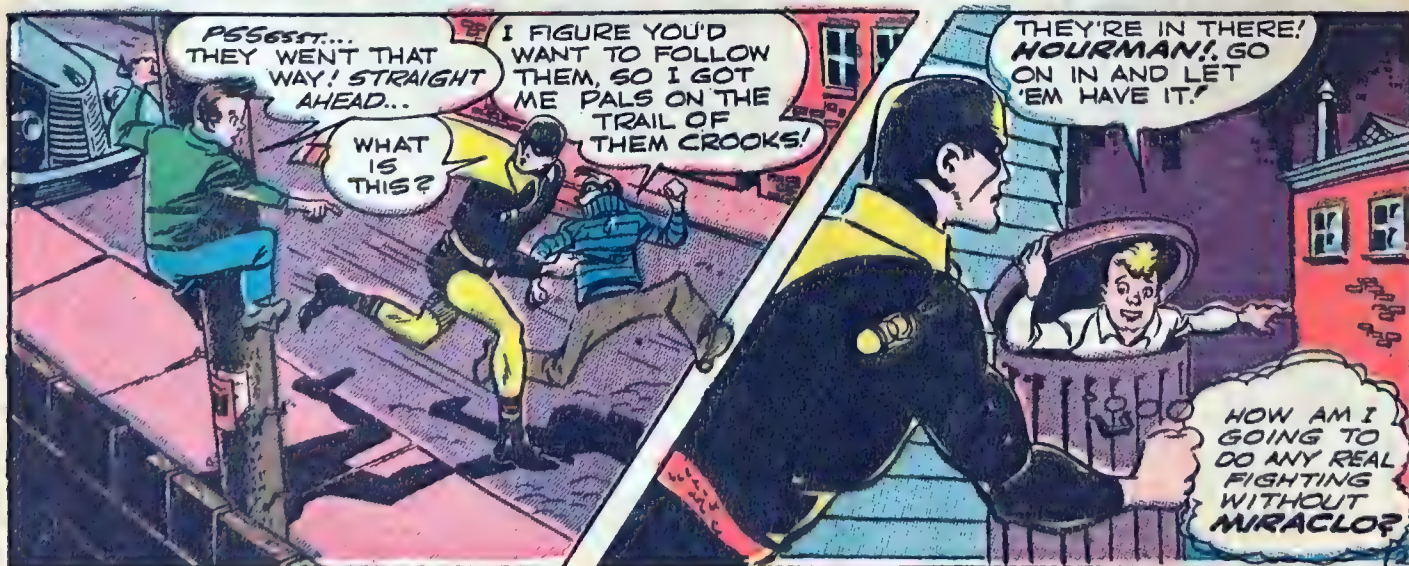
THE MIRACLO MACHINE! ... IT'S GONE!



REX CHANGES INTO HOURMAN COSTUME..

OH... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITHOUT THE MIRACLO MACHINE?.. YOU CAN'T BECOME HOURMAN !!!

I CAN PUT ON MY FIGHTING CLOTHES AND LOOK LIKE HOURMAN.. AND GET THAT MACHINE BACK!!



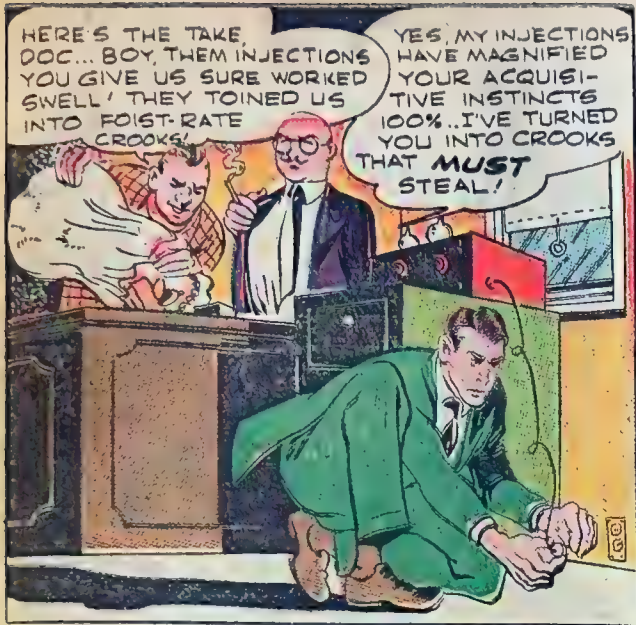
PSSST... THEY WENT THAT WAY! STRAIGHT AHEAD...

WHAT IS THIS?

I FIGURE YOU'D WANT TO FOLLOW THEM, SO I GOT ME PALS ON THE TRAIL OF THEM CROOKS!

THEY'RE IN THERE! HOURMAN! GO ON IN AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!

HOW AM I GOING TO DO ANY REAL FIGHTING WITHOUT MIRACLO?



HERE'S THE TAKE, DOC... BOY, THEM INJECTIONS YOU GIVE US SURE WORKED SWELL! THEY TOINED US INTO FOIST-RATE CROOKS!

YES, MY INJECTIONS HAVE MAGNIFIED YOUR ACQUISITIVE INSTINCTS 100%..I'VE TURNED YOU INTO CROOKS THAT **MUST STEAL!**



COME ON.. THIS WAS JUST A REHEARSAL TO SEE IF THE INJECTIONS WORKED! NOW WE'VE GOT A TOUGH JOB TO DO.. THE GOTHAM GEM STORE..

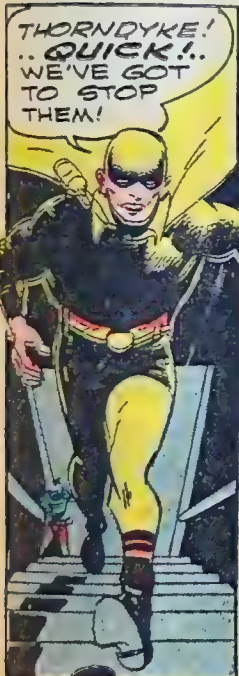
WAIT A MINUTE! I WANT TO SEE IF DIS RADIO WOIKS !!



A SWITCH CLICKS! AND AS THE POWER-GIVING RAYS OF **MIRACLO** BATHE THE THUGS...

HEY! WHAT'S DIS LIGHT?.. I FEEL FUNNY!

ME, TOO!



THORN DYKE! ..**QUICK!**.. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



I JUST WANT TO TEST YOUR REACTION TO MY FISTS!!

HOORMAN!!



UNAWARE OF THEIR SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, THE THUGS REEL BACK...

JEEPERS, STUMPY, LOOK AT DESE GATS! DEY AIN'T NO GOOD AT ALL!

DEY'RE LIKE MUSH! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO AGAINST **HOORMAN** WITHOUT GUNS?



AND STILL THE UNDERWORLD DUO IS UNAWARE OF THE **MIRACLO** POWER THAT CAN CRUSH STEEL LIKE PUTTY!

I AIN'T GIVIN UP WIDOUT A FIGHT, **HOORMAN** !!

YOU BOYS KNOW MY REPUTATION! YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP NOW!

NORE MY BLUFF WORKS !!



AS SLIM SWINGS THE TABLE, IT BURSTS INTO A CLOUD OF SPLINTERS IN HIS HANDS.

LOOKIT DIS TABLE! IT'S WORSEN DEM GUNS!

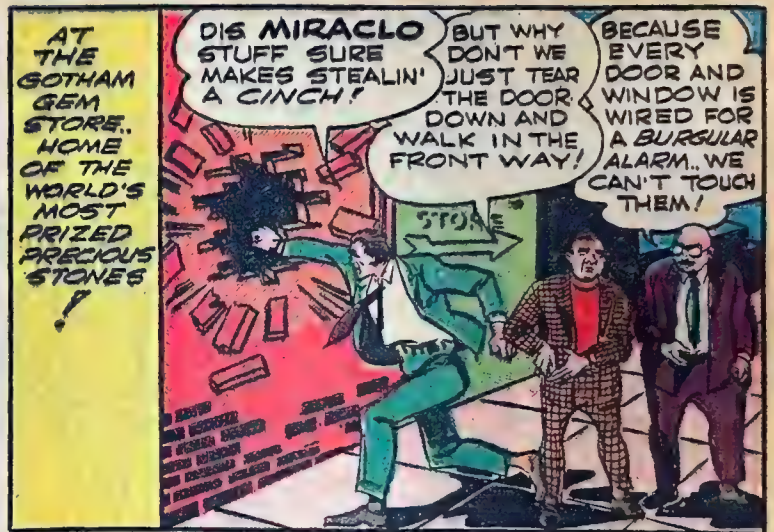
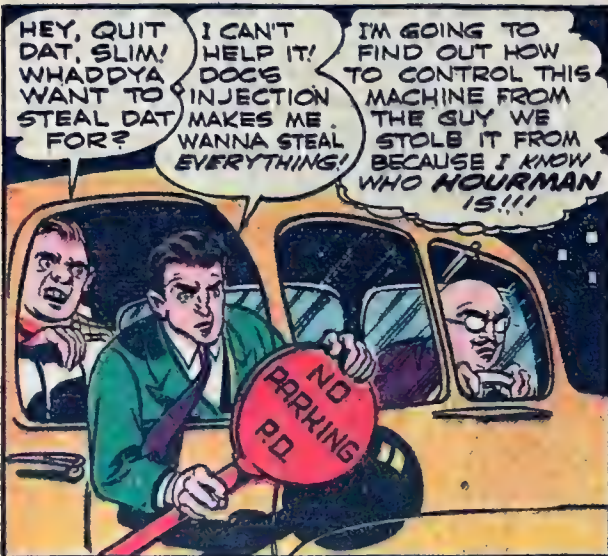
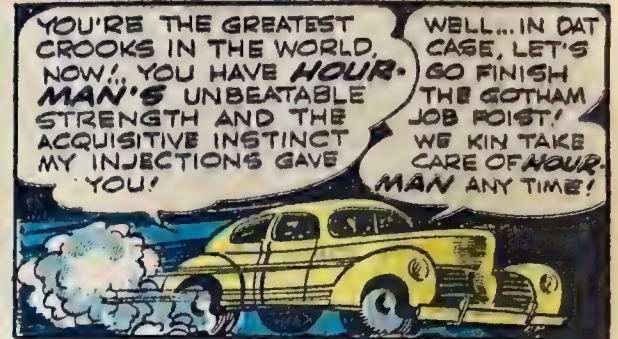
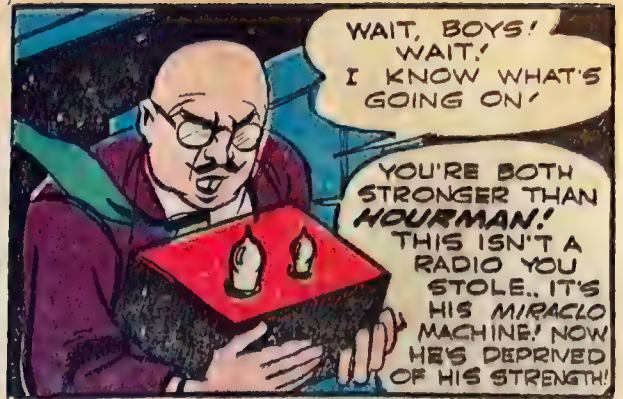
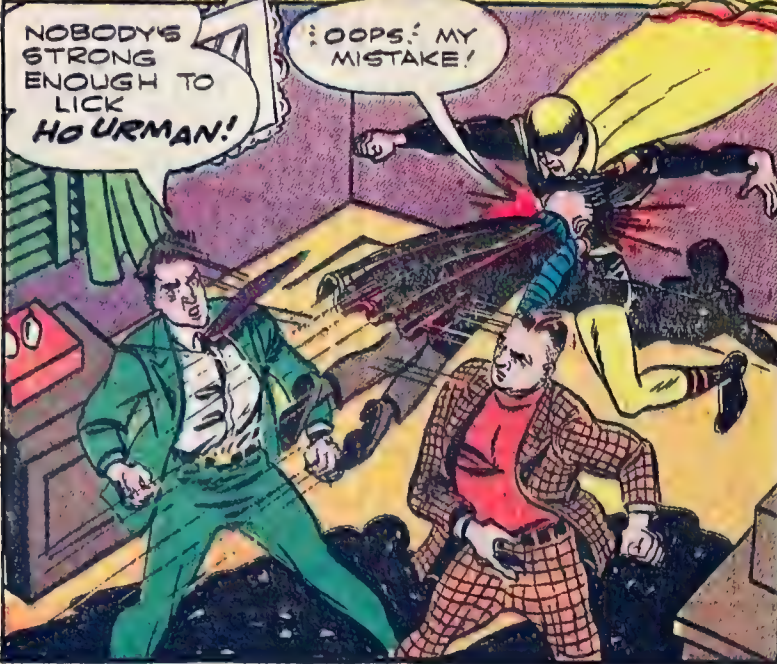
THEY'RE A HUNDRED TIMES STRONGER THAN ORDINARY MEN, BUT THEY DON'T REALIZE IT YET!



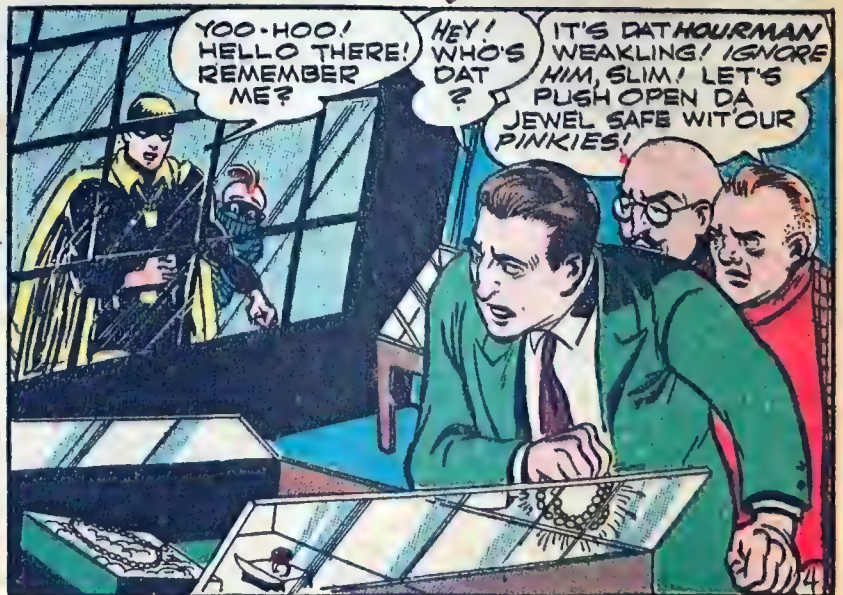
LOOKIT! DE WALLS OF DIS DUMP IS LIKE PAPER!

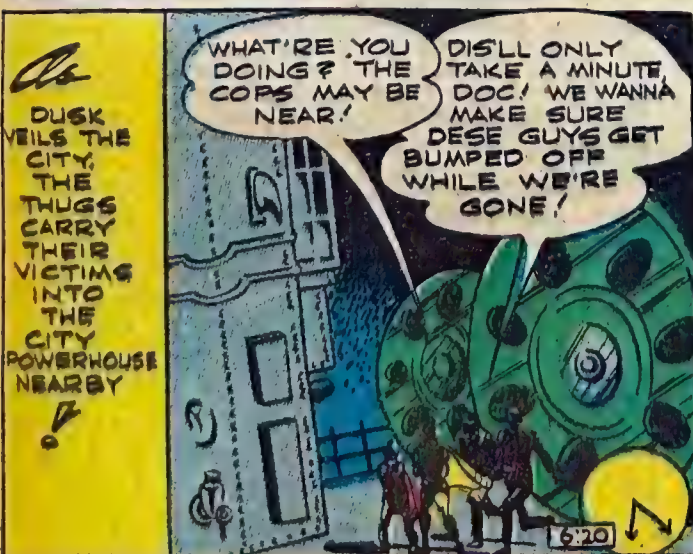
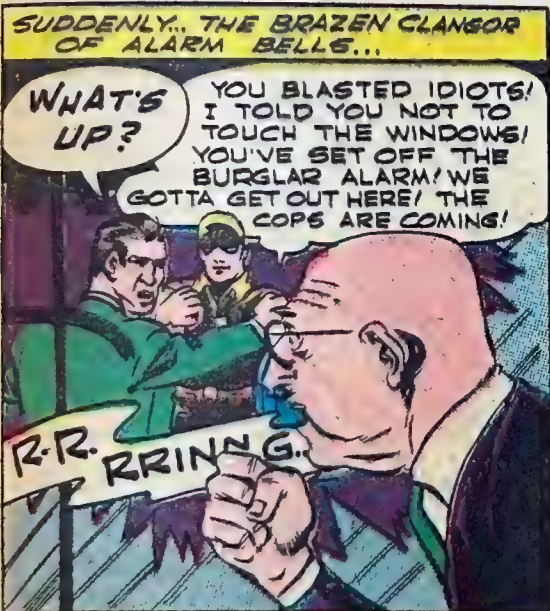
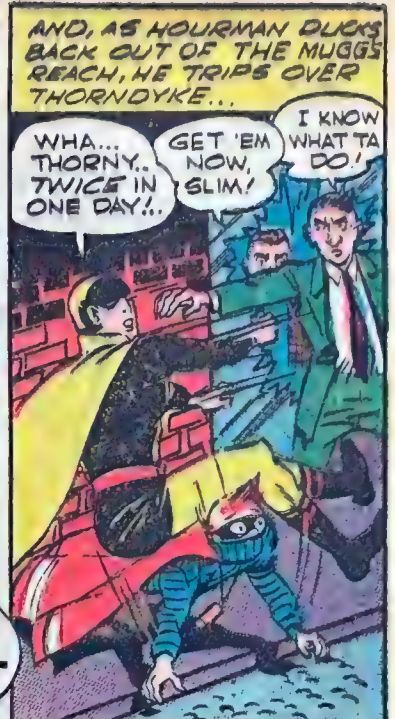
DIS WHOLE PLACED IS JINXED BY **HOORMAN**! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE WH'LE I CAN IN ONE PIECE!

AS THORNDYKE CHARGES THE TWO THUGS SIDE-STEP AND...



Outside, AT THE BARRED STORE WINDOW, A POWERLESS HOURMAN SURVEYS THE SINISTER SCENE!



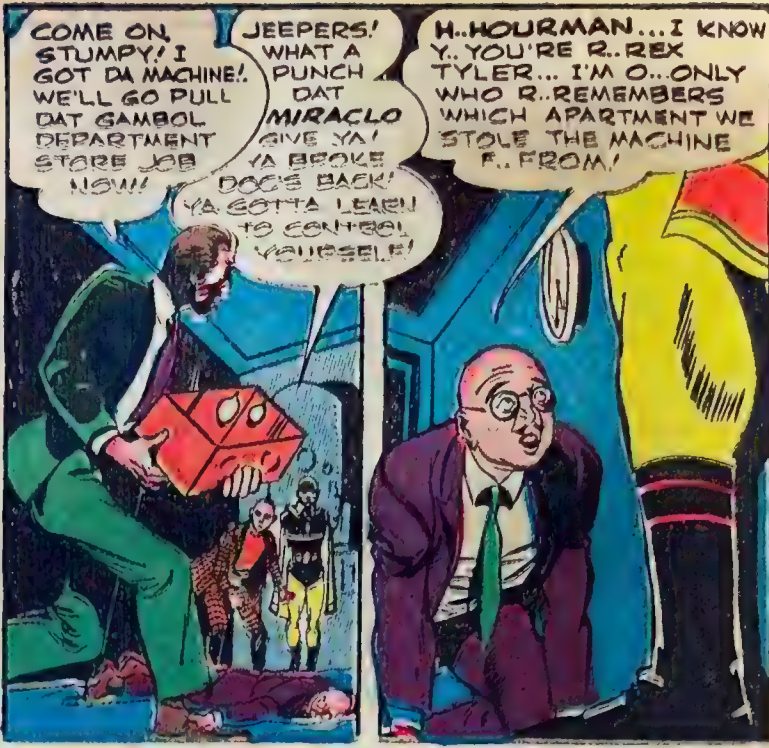


POWERED WITH ALL THE MIRACULOUS STRENGTH OF MIRACLO, A VICIOUS BLOW CUTS DOC SHORT...



SHADDAP! WE'RE THE STRONG GUYS NOW! YOU DON'T GIVE NO MORE ORDERS!

OH



COME ON, STUMPY! I GOT DA MACHINE! WE'LL GO PULL DAT GAMBOL DEPARTMENT STORE JOB NOW!

JEEPERS! WHAT A PUNCH DAT MIRACLO GIVE YA! YA BROKE DOC'S BACK! YA GOTTA LEARN TO CONTROL YOURSELF!

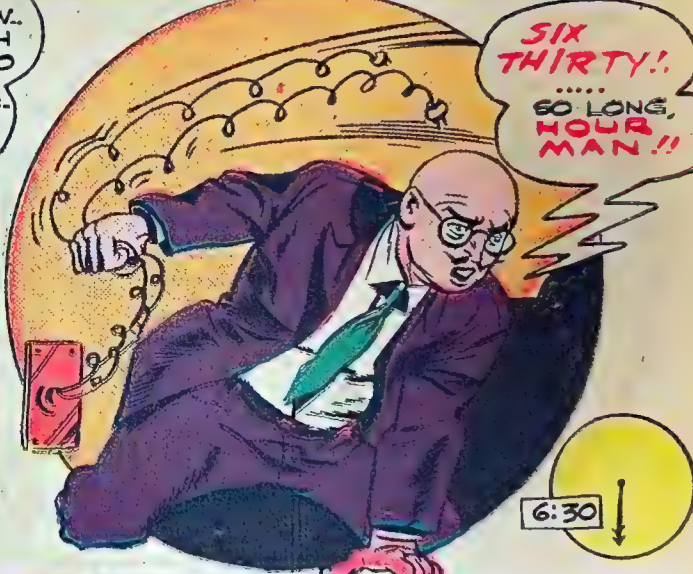
H..HOURMAN...I KNOW Y..YOU'RE R..REX TYLER... I'M O...ONLY WHO R..REMEMBERS WHICH APARTMENT WE STOLE THE MACHINE F..FROM!

AND AS THE SECOND HAND SWEEPS SWIFTLY TOWARD 6:30 O'CLOCK ... AND DESTRUCTION!



I..I'M FINISHED N..NOW... S..SECRET DIES WITH ME!.. W..WANT YOU TO G..GET THOSE TH... THUGS WHO DOUBLE-CROSSED M...ME..... I'LL..H...HELP... Y..YOU...

THE DYING MOBSTER RIPS THE WIRES FROM THE DYNAMO!



SIX THIRTY!! ... SO LONG, HOUR MAN!!



THE DOCTOR'S DYING SCREAMS BRING ATTENDANTS RUNNING FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE BUILDING!

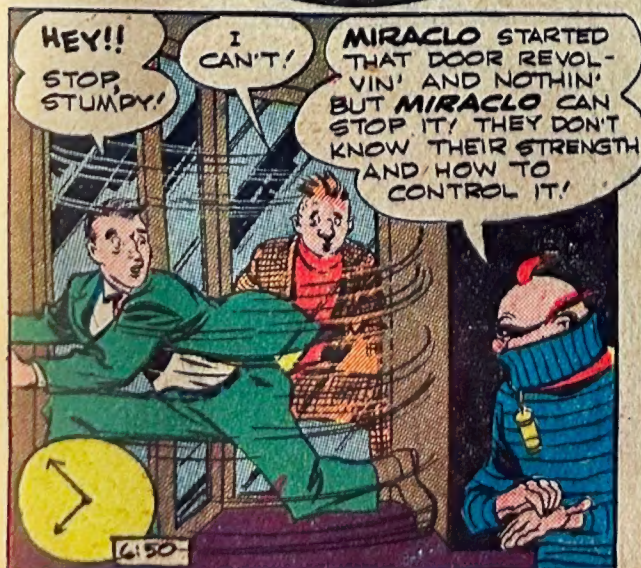
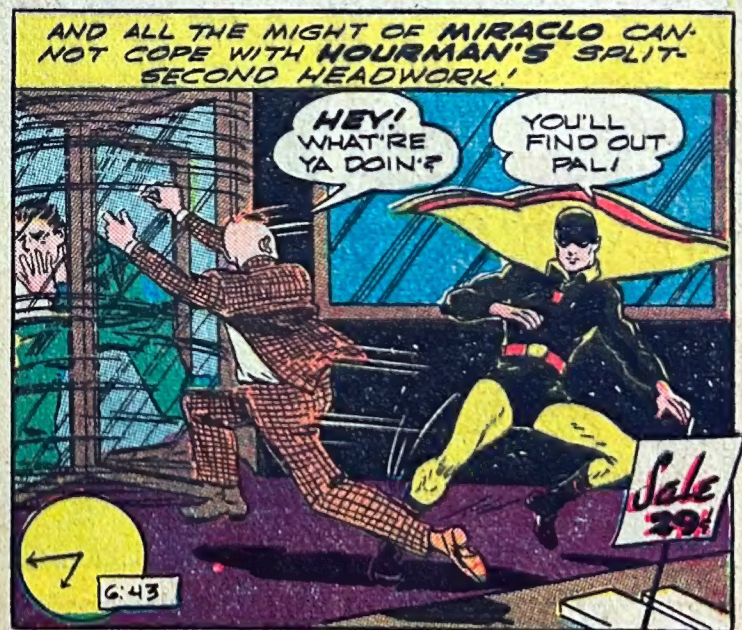


I WISH YOU'D TELL US WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE, HOURMAN!!

THANKS FOR THE HAND, BOYS... SORRY, I CAN'T STOP TO TELL YOU ANYTHING NOW! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO FIRST!



BUT AS THE FIRST OF THE HIGH-POWERED HOOD CHARGES...



LIKE TERRIBLE TITANS, THREE FIGURES
LOCK IN EARTH-SHATTERING COMBAT!!

SO NOW I'M
GOING TO
TEACH YOU
TO WALK THE
STRAIGHT AND
NARROW!

WE KIN
HANDLE
YOU,
WISE GUY!

OWWWW...
SLIM! I
CRACKED
DAT
PILLAR!

6:59

BUT AS THE PILLAR
CRACKS AND THE VAST
STORE ROOF THREATENS
TO CRASH IN AWFUL
DESTRUCTION...

I'VE GOT TO
HOLD THIS
PILLAR IN
PLACE OR
THE WHOLE
STORE'LL BE
DESTROYED!

JUST STAY
WHERE YOU
ARE, **HOUR-
MAN!** WE'LL
HAND YA A
PRETTY
PASTING!

Then...

HEY... WHAT'S
DIS FUNNY
FEELIN'? I
FEEL ALL
WEAK-
LIKE!

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THIS
HOURMAN! YOU
TAKE CARE OF
THE STORE!

BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG
BONG

HEY!!

TIME'S UP, BOYS!
NO MORE **MIRACLO**
... NO MORE
STRENGTH
!!!

OUCH!!

CLOCK!
CLOCK!

YOU SAID IT,
CLOCK!...
.. SAY ON...

AND TWO TERRIBLE
THUGS ARE TAMED!!

I'VE BOUND
THIS PILLAR
WITH ROPE!
I THINK IT
WILL HOLD
UNTIL
IT'S
RE-
PAIRED!

I'VE BOUND
THESE THUGS
WITH THREAD!
I KNOW IT'LL
HOLD. THEY'RE
SO WEAK!

Much
later...

AFTER THAT CLOSE CALL
WITH THOSE THUGS, I'M
TAKING NO CHANCES... NO-
BODY BUT **HOURMAN**
WILL EVER USE
MIRACLO AGAIN!

AWWWW... AND JUST
WHEN I WAS GONNA
ASK YOU FOR THE
LOAN OF A LITTLE
JOLT FOR THIS
AFTERNOON'S
FOOTBALL
GAME!

YOU'LL GET A BIG JOLT WHEN YOU SEE **HOURMAN**
IN ACTION AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN **ADVENTURE
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AND FOR ANOTHER SMASHING THRILL
TAKE A PEEK AT THE...

**ROUGHEST--
TOUGHEST,
FIGHTING MAN
ON EARTH.**

'AMERICOMMANDO'

AND THE
TERRIBLE
'LITTLE ONE'
.. HALF GERMAN
AND
HALF JAPANESE..
WHOSE ONE AIM
IS TO DESTROY
THIS
DEFENDER
OF DEMOCRACY

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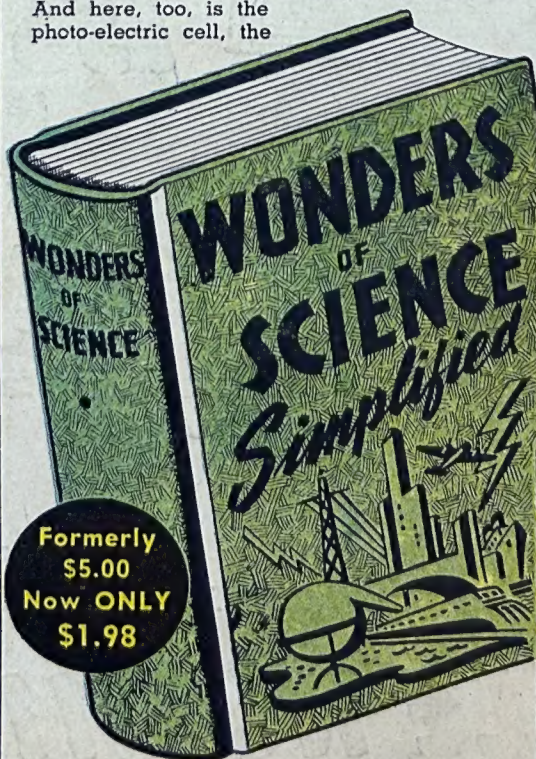
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